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November 6, 1965, 35 cents

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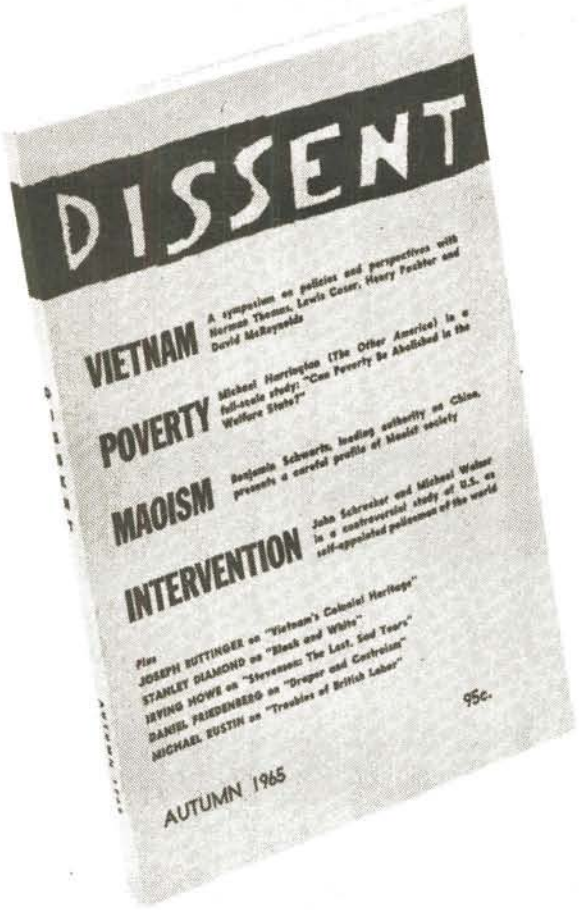

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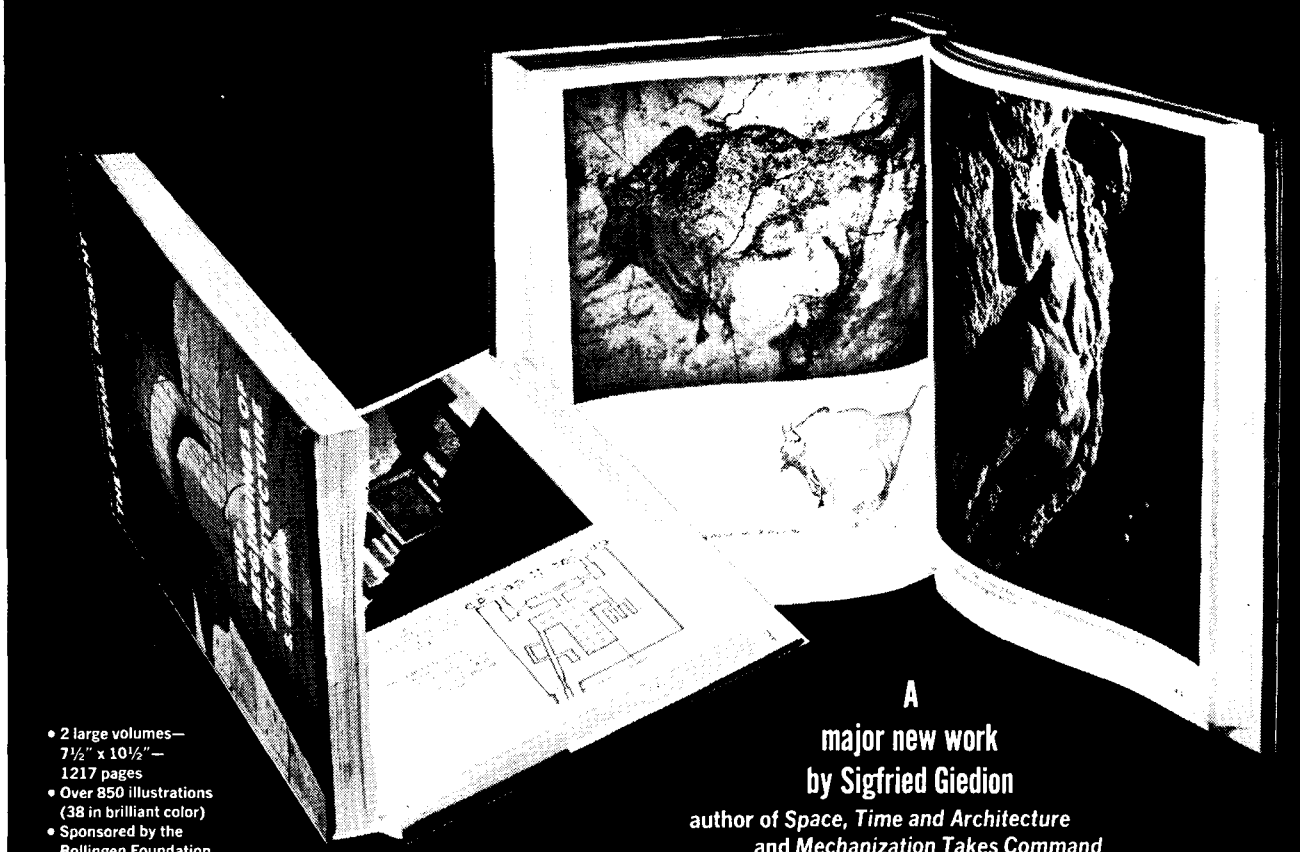

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T.R.B. from Washington

The GOP's Problem

★ On election night we come down and sleep on the office davenport and read the ticker tape and nap and rewrite the story; and as we did it this year we got to thinking about Goldwater's defeat and it all came flooding back. One year ago. That incredible campaign.

Give him the credit for saying, in a confused sort of way, what he meant. He would rather win the argument than win the election. He virtually invited independents out of the party. He rejected an attack on extremism. He had no kind words for the men he defeated at the convention. He tried to substitute an ideological party for the usual American umbrella party.

We looked at the ticker that night a year ago, and of course the thing was over. Goldwater had carried six states and six percent of the Negro vote, and he had carried down all the seed corn of the party, men like Percy in Illinois and Rep. Bob Taft, Jr. in Ohio; all but a few and Lindsay (R, NY) was one exception. And he had demonstrated, once and for all, the falsity of two theories: that there is a big conservative silent vote ready to spring out with encouragement; and that the Dixie Stategy is practical—hold the West and write off the industrial East for the South.

We waited that night a year ago for the conventional graceful congratulations to the winner. It didn't come. Sometime around one or two he said, "I don't believe the conservative cause has been hurt," and went to bed. It was as stunning to confused Washington reporters as if Romeo had marched down to the footlights at the end of the tragedy and announced that he wasn't going to follow Juliet into oblivion but would hang around and continue the family feud. Well, since that night a year has passed. What's happened to the Republicans? Goldwater, personally attractive, whom we have always liked, has remained fairly quiet. We suspect he will try to replace Democratic Sen. Carl Hayden (88) after a while. The party has moved back toward the center again, or at least fuzzed its fine, sharp, ideological lines. Strongest pressure came from the 17 GOP governors. They loathed Goldwater; they were fed up. They supplied the drive that replaced his hand-picked national chairman Dean Burch with the non-ideological Ray Bliss. They insisted on a new national body in which they were represented. Creation of the Republican Coordinating Committee is the most important structural change in the year.

Even so, after all this time, the thing that stands out is what bad shape the party is in, in spite of local victories. It used to dominate the nation and allowed only two Democrats, Cleveland and Wilson, to win between 1860 and 1932. Then it seemed to go out of date, like the trolley car. Since 1932 it has elected only Eisenhower.

A year ago the course of recovery seemed fairly obvious: get back to the center again. Something has been done; the John Birch Society finally infuriated the party leadership when one of its members made a lunatic try to wrest the GOP nomination from Karl Mundt in South Dakota who, God knows, is conservative enough.

But after a year it is evident that the road back won't be that simple. If the Goldwaterites can't run the party they will try to ruin it. In the NY mayoralty race appeared the 1965 Goldwater — doctrinaire, witty, fanatical William Buckley, who cared nothing about New York problems but who preferred a hack organization Democrat to a Republican modernist.

This is no new phenomenon. Republicans have constantly paid alimony for their flirtations with the far right. Richard Nixon had to fight oilman Joe Shell, and then the Birchites, in his unsuccessful governorship try in California in 1962.

Basically, the Republican problem is not knowing what century it is. And that, in a nation that needs a two-party system, is bad news. To be a national party the GOP must somehow win back the alienated cities, the Negroes, the poor, the foreign-born. How did Republicans go about this in Congress? They tried to kill the automatic triggering device in the civil rights bill. They voted against Medicare in both houses. They fought like cats against repeal of the right-to-work law; and Sen. Dirksen launched a crusade to nullify the Supreme Court's splendid 1-man, 1-vote reapportionment. Republicans must crack the cities, yet their members in the House voted against the new Department of Urban Affairs, 9 to 118. They voted overwhelmingly against rent subsidies—and House Republicans even voted against the school bill, 35-96.

That's the story. A year has passed. Ike, as usual, has played his confusing part, red-hot against Keynesian economics one minute, and then bridling on TV against supporting the attack on foreign policy launched by GOP leaders Ford and Laird. Maybe Goldwater has mellowed a bit. We always wondered if he wanted to be President. Now he thinks that Republicans should leave the Birch Society. That's progress. Summing it up, though, Lindsay or not, what a long way the Republicans still have to go!

Power in New England

★ We wrote last week of the unnoticed, third-of-a-billion-dollar power yardstick – the so-called "Dickey Lincoln" project – that Congress finally voted for New England over the violent protest of New England Congressmen. Power interests are still stunned. Their rates are the highest in the nation and their profits among the fattest. Now they feel like a grocer who hears a chain store is coming. A three-man utility delegation called on Martin Nolan, *Boston Globe* Washington correspondent, to tell their story. Almost alone the *Globe* and *Providence Journal* have bucked the utilities. Boston Edison stock in 1957 sold at the equivalent of 20 (before a 2½-for-1 split); today around 50. Private consumers pay 20 percent more than the national average. Before it left Congress approved $800,000 for preliminary plans on the big Maine project (which will feed power down to Boston). A majority of New England Congressmen voted "No."

And finally, a Washington quip: Nixon was a heartbeat from the presidency; Humphrey a stone's throw.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 153 Number 19 Issue 2659 November 6, 1965*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8; Foreign, $9; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6.50. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43301.* *Copyright© 1965 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

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Dare We Negotiate?

A worried reader who believes this country should halt its air raids in Vietnam wants to know nevertheless, "What are we prepared to negotiate on?" and has four other related questions: Would a US withdrawal from South Vietnam encourage further Chinese activity? Where if at all should the US make a "stand" in Asia? Is the "policy of encirclement" bankrupt? And is a continued US presence in Asia no longer possible, or even desirable? The perplexities these questions reveal are widely shared. In our judgment, what this country ought to negotiate on is a cease-fire, not as an end in itself, but as the first step toward seeking a political settlement of Vietnam's long civil war. If the Viet Cong agree to a cease-fire, they should be allowed to try to make good their claim that the program of their political arm, the National Liberation Front, has the support of most South Vietnamese. The way to establish or disprove that claim is to attempt to reconstitute the conditions for elections which, in terms of the 1954 Geneva agreements, should have been held in both North and South Vietnam in 1956, but were held in neither. The aim now ought to be elections in the South, whether elections are held in the North or not; but coupled with fair warning that if the North refuses to hold them, reunification is going to be at least delayed. A cease-fire would need to be supervised, presumably by the United Nations, as would the elections when held; and if the latter could not be held in a reasonably brief time, it might be necessary for representatives of the Viet Cong and Saigon to try to agree on an interim government.

For even if it is true that Hanoi dictates all important Viet Cong decisions, North Vietnam has received only meager Chinese help, whereas the missile batteries that protect Hanoi and Haiphong are Russian, and the Russians keep murmuring that peace is good and Chinese advice to keep fighting is poor. A cease-fire that worked would lead on to a phasing-out of US forces and the withdrawal of any North Vietnamese military units that had not, in the circumstances, slipped discreetly back across the border. Here, anyway, is plenty to begin negotiating on, if only talks can begin. The main stumbling block, as always in Vietnam, is that one side may calculate that the prospect of a military victory is too alluring to bother about peace talks. At the moment, this is the confident calculation of many State Department officials.

When President Johnson asked Congress last spring for more money for the war in Vietnam, he said "there can be no military solu-

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lution" and "we must find the path to a peaceful settlement," adding that in the interests of such a settlement "we will go anywhere, discuss any subject, listen to any point of view." Since then the level of American forces in Vietnam has been raised and is still rising, and air raids on the North and in the South have been intensified. The US has embarked on a vast program of building complex military bases in South Vietnam which suggests that the undeclared war will continue for a very long time.

All this may be because there has been no positive response from the other side to our offer of unconditional discussions. The Administration may sincerely feel that the best chance of evoking a response is to go on banging Hanoi, the Viet Cong (and thousands of Vietnamese indifferent to both) about the head. Unfortunately the immediate effect of doing so has been to make the Saigon generals think that the US is prepared to win their war for them and so they need no longer consider anything but the Viet Cong's unconditional surrender. They are reported as saying that, as they cannot now lose the war militarily, why negotiate? This is not a new attitude of theirs; General Maxwell Taylor reported in a television interview in August that the Saigon generals "would never tolerate a government that was caught surreptitiously or overtly negotiating with the Viet Cong or Hanoi." But antipathy to negotiating is not the Administration's own attitude. Or is it? In the same television interview, General Taylor said that once Hanoi ceased "interfering with its neighbor," then "a great deal of the internal problem of South Vietnam will fall away and leave something that can perhaps be taken on as a reduced police kind of operation." Viet Cong operations like last week's destruction or damage of 47 US aircraft make this statement sound rashly optimistic. Thanks to our military build-up we may no longer be losing the war in Vietnam as the French lost it; but the Viet Cong still exercise effective political control over a third to a half of the population of the South, manage to levy taxes of sorts in 41 of the South's 44 provinces, and do so with a military strength that the US officially estimates at 140,000 or 165,000 men who are pitted against 600,000 South Vietnamese soldiers and 150,000 American ones. The "interference" of Hanoi does not explain this even if Hanoi, as alleged, is supplying 1,000 men a month to the Viet Cong. It does not explain why, as a US major at Plei Me put it last week, these enemy guerrillas ("the finest soldiers" he had ever seen – except for Americans!) "are highly motivated, highly dedicated." More significant in this context is the South Vietnamese forces' desertion rate which General Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, reports had been "as high as about 10,000 men a month" and is now only "somewhat better."

If talks were held and led to a cease-fire which in turn produced a US phasing out, would our military withdrawal encourage Chinese expansionism? Is a continued US presence in Asia possible or even desirable and, if it is, where should the US take its stand? The answers to these further questions depend on the answer to a question our preplexed reader does not ask: Is China bent on conquering all or most of Asia, and by all possibile means including military ones? If so, US military withdrawal from Vietnam would indeed be a gamble (though possibly worth taking, even then). But is China really such a tiger? She has (unlike the US) not a single soldier on foreign soil, unless one counts Tibet. Her economic performance is poor and she has lost, perhaps for good, her great ally and military supplier, Russia. In recent weeks she has experienced a disconcerting series of buffets, from the Himalayas to Jakarta and from Havana to Algiers. It begins to look as if any further "wars of liberation" in Asia may get a lot of Chinese verbal encouragement but little material Chinese aid. Oppressed subjects of despotic or corrupt Asian governments may seek relief from their woes by turning to some kind of Marxist-led movement, but that is another matter. The security of the United States, considerations of prestige or plain charity may lead us to contribute money, material and talent to weaker nations that want them and can use them (India comes to mind). But our armed forces cannot save governments from their own people, or prohibit others from making "unwise" political choices.

The main point is that this country, unlike China, has got both friends and powerful arms in Asia, as we have elsewhere, and we are well equipped if the need arises to oppose with all our might military assaults on those friends by China. As President Johnson said on April 7, "Around the globe from Berlin to Thailand are people whose well-being rests in part on the belief that they can count on us if attacked. . . . We will always oppose the effort of one nation to conquer another." But that is quite different from taking over the fighting of someone else's civil war. It is quite different too from both the "policy of encirclement" and the domino theory. And it by no means implies that, because of China, we dare not negotiate in Vietnam.

COMING: *Robert Osborn and Tom Wicker offer some observations on Lyndon Johnson*

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Justice in the South

It is not possible to be absolutely sure that Collie LeRoy Wilkins and two other Klansmen murdered Mrs. Viola Liuzzo on the road between Selma and Montgomery last spring. But there is strong evidence pointing to Wilkins' guilt. And that scion of the back-country nobility, Thomas L. Coleman, freely admitted that he did shoot the Rev. Mr. Daniels and Father Morrisroe. Wilkins has now been acquitted after a second trial, and Coleman was also acquitted, both in Lowndes County Ala.

So it is not altogether rash to say that in Lowndes County, at least, the criminal process does not run against killers of civil rights workers.

This state of affairs highlights the continued systematic exclusion of Negroes from Southern juries, although 85 years and many, many cases have now gone by since the Supreme Court first held that the Fourteenth Amendment forbids racial discrimination in jury selection. The standard federal judicial approach has been to reverse convictions of Negroes by all-white juries. A different and novel tack has been taken in the allegorically named case of *Gardenia White, et al., Plaintiffs v. Bruce Crook, et al., Clerk and Commissioners of the Lowndes County, Ala. Jury Commission, Defendants.* Lowndes County has a heavy Negro majority. The plaintiffs, members of that majority, are fully qualified under Alabama law to act as jurors, but have never been called. They sued in the US District Court in Montgomery, alledging that the failure to call them and other Negroes has been the result of intentional discrimination, and asking for an injunction against this practice.

On October 25, the Attorney General intervened in *White* v. *Crook* on the side of the plaintiffs, as he is authorized to do by the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Mr. Katzenbach has said also that he proposes to use an old statute, long in disuse, which makes it a criminal offense to discriminate in jury selection. But the Justice Department is under no illusion that these new approaches will solve the problem. Injunctions did not work in voting cases and are not very likely to work here. Voting and jury cases are closely analogous. Proof of a pattern of systematic discrimination over time requires the amassing of a large body of statistical evidence. And when an injunction issues on such proof, the state legislature can start the process all over again by changing the law on qualifications. The main effect of *White* v. *Crook*, of a number of conventional attacks on the jury system through individual criminal cases which the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit has set for hearing together in December, and of such criminal proceedings as may be initiated will be to gather evidence and place it on a permanent and authoritative record – precisely as was done with respect to voting through numerous lawsuits between 1960 and 1965. The ultimate solution – well within the constitutional power of Congress, and well within the political possibilities once the evidence is amassed – must again follow the analogy of voting. Unless the situation is corrected locally and voluntarily, Congress will end by suspending local laws setting qualifications for jury service, establish its own, and send in federal officials to select and constitute jury panels in state as well as federal cases. Congress will, in other words, apply the scheme of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 to the jury problem. This is the end toward which the emerging flurry of litigation can realistically aim.

And what then? Some Negroes selected for jury service will, especially in counties with a heavy Negro population, survive peremptory challenges and actually wind up on juries. There they may help secure a measure of justice for Negro defendants. They will also no doubt change the atmosphere in the jury room in a case involving a white man accused of assaulting or killing a Negro or a civil rights worker. But they will be unable to ensure convictions – far from it. And they will have no effect on the outlook, the methods, the zeal or lack of it, of police, sheriffs and prosecutors. The vote and other pressures, exerted steadily and pervasively on such a society as that of Lowndes County, Ala., may have such an effect in time, but not Negroes on juries.

The problem of jury service should be attacked, vigorously and realistically, with a view to obtaining legislation on it soon. But jury discrimination is not the chief problem to which the acquittals of Wilkins and Coleman call attention. In Lowndes County, as in the New York subways and in other trouble spots, the criminal process is a thin and insufficient shield of protection against violence. The New York subways were made safer by putting cops on the trains. Lowndes County and other places in the rural South must be made safer through the conspicuous presence there of FBI agents, armed federal marshals, and where necessary, military police.

Mrs. Liuzzo probably would not have been killed if her car had been escorted by an MP jeep, or even if the road between Selma and Montgomery had been patrolled by military police. Mr. Daniels might not have been killed if the crowd milling around that wretched store in Hayneville had included a few conspicuous, armed federal marshals. There are difficulties about choosing the places to which to send federal protective forces, and there are legal questions about the authority of marshals and military police once on the scene. But regardless of how little of the normal police authority marshals and the like may be able legally to exercise, their presence will help, and is the only thing, just now, that can help.

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Off and On the Bench

The short unhappy career of Francis X. Morrissey as a federal judge is probably over, and at all events, in abeyance. Even if it turns out – matters were left in some confusion at the end – that Morrissey told the absolute truth and withheld nothing about his sojourn in Georgia, and even if one concedes that the American Bar Association ought to have no veto over the appointment of federal judges, the fact remains that Morrissey lacks the essential intellectual qualifications.

By contrast to the Morrissey case, the President and Senator Edward Kennedy's brother Robert have distinguished themselves with a first-rate appointment to the US District Court in the Southern District of New York – Marvin E. Frankel. Judge Frankel, whose nomination was quietly confirmed in the midst of the Morrissey uproar, served with distinction on the staff of the US Solicitor General, and was at the time of his appointment a Professor of Law in the Columbia University Law School. Neither personal nor factional political interests played any part in his nomination.

It is owing to the President to say also that the nomination of Judge Wilfred Feinberg to the US Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit in New York, though in the judgment of many lawyers not the very best that could have been made, was nevertheless the choice of an unquestionably superior man.

Routine Checkup

Last May, 25,000 US troops and 25 FBI agents were dispatched to the Dominican Republic. The Marines, the story went, were there to protect citizens caught in the revolt. The FBI was to run security checks on potential members of the provisional government.

Since World War II – but before the Dominican occupation – the FBI worked the home front. The CIA, on the other hand, had the job of compiling foreign intelligence and reporting to the National Security Council. Dispatching the FBI to Santo Domingo suggested either that the President had doubts about the trustworthiness of his intelligence agency, or that the CIA had become so busy with other things that it needed outside help.

Now, according to a report published last week by the *New York Herald Tribune*, the FBI is about to send agents to additional Latin-American posts, to provide an "independent new source of intelligence data." It was immediately denied that the President had any such plans, but the possibility was not ruled out that FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover has plans of his own. Mr. Hoover said reports of "sharply increased" FBI activity in Latin America were false. Neither denial confronted head-on the specific allegation that more FBI agents are preparing to leave for Latin America.

Guatemala, Costa Rica, Colombia, Brazil, Bolivia and Ecuador all plan national elections within the next year. That could require quite a few FBI security checks.

A "Tower of Freedom"

Congress adjourned just in time to save the country – until January at least – the pain of another world's fair, this one to be financed largely by the federal government, for the principal, if unstated, purpose of fattening local business. Called "Interama" (Inter-American Cultural and Trade Center), the fair is supposed to open near Miami, Florida, in late 1967.

It is not really a world's fair, but a hemi-world's fair. The governor of Florida expects it to be "the most important move on the part of the United States to improve trade and cultural understanding" with Latin America. Unlike past fairs it will not shut down after a year or two. But like other fairs, it will have a theme – "Progress With Freedom – and it will have a theme structure: its "Tower of Freedom" will "rise to a possible height of 1,000 feet." Possible, because the site is now a swamp.

Sen. Frank Lausche thinks that federal participation in Interama will haunt Congress every time a state dreams up some reason for a fair, complete with federal pavilion. Moreover, he asks, what is the nature of federal responsibility for a fair that purports to be permanent? Interama has already arranged $22 million in federal loans; the House has approved the expenditure of $11 million for a federal pavilion and an additional $1 million to maintain its exhibit for each of the first four years of the exposition.

The Senate Majority Leader has promised Florida's Senators that their project will be considered promptly when Congress reconvenes January 10.

Drafting Dissenters

Draft laws, as we pointed out last week, have been administered inconsistently and unfairly. Now it has been suggested that they might be used as a club to intimidate political dissenters. A resolution has been introduced in the Wisconsin State Senate to expel 10 University of Wisconsin students who took part in anti-war demonstrations. It has also been learned that 31 University of Michigan students arrested October 15 during a Vietnam protest sit-in at the Ann Arbor draft board have been threatened with the loss of their student deferments and with summary induction into the armed forces. The students were fined and sentenced to 10-

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day jail terms for trespassing. But Col. Arthur Holmes, director of the state selective service system, did not consider this sufficient. What could be more appropriate, he reasoned, than to draft the dissenters? The students' "interruption of selective service board office procedure," he believes, violates a provision of the Universal Military Training and Service Act. The students, he said, "could be declared delinquent, have their status changed to 1-A and be ordered for immediate induction into the armed forces." Holmes plans to report the incident to the students' local draft boards along with his opinion that the demonstration was a "draftable" offense.

Speaking to the Russians In a New Voice

In response to the gradual opening of Soviet society to outside influences, our government's only means of sustained communication with the people of Russia, the Voice of America and the magazine *Amerika Illustrated*, are undergoing a quiet revolution. The monthly *Amerika*, distributed in controlled numbers (usually no more than 40,000 copies) by the Soviet publications monopoly, is upgrading its content with more emphasis upon the substance and less upon the glittery surface of American life. But, in terms of effect, the major change is in the approach of VOA, which aims at the 40 million radio sets, most of them with short-wave bands, supposed to be in use in the Soviet Union. The harsh language of the Cold War is no longer heard on VOA's channels. "Softly but firmly" is its guiding rule. Invective has been abandoned. There is a measured effort to cultivate and satisfy an intelligent curiosity about the United States.

On June 18, 1963, the Soviet government stopped trying to jam VOA and other foreign broadcasts. It took awhile for the bureaucracies of VOA, its parent information agency and the State Department to believe that the jamming had truly ended. The adjustment dates from May of 1964, when – after months of internal argument and hesitation – the Voice began to speak in a new tone and on a new schedule to its Soviet audience. The adjustment is still going on and it was stepped up on November 1, when several new and expanded programs in the new style took the air.

In what the staff of VOA's Russian branch calls "the old days," programming for Russia was confined to tight, 30-minute packages, broadcast on varying frequencies at varying times in order to dodge the jamming. Now the programming is in two solid time-blocks – two hours in the mornings from 6 to 8, Moscow time, and six hours in the evenings, 6 to midnight. They allow a variety and an adventurous approach that were previously impossible.

Music, sports and news are still the main attractions. In contrast to the generally orthodox musical offerings of the past, the programs now vary from esoteric jazz to "serious" American compositions, including a good deal of experimental work. The straight news (a deceptive term in any reference) is unchanged, except that there is more of it. The new note appears in VOA's interpretations of the news, with a calculated effort to point up what its editors call "the role of dissent" in American life. A deliberate emphasis upon racial strife, labor conflict, the onset and impact of automation, poverty and the attacks upon it, is thought to contribute to a believable story of a believable society, trying in credible ways to resolve its tensions and correct its acknowledged defects.

The recent demonstrations against American policy in Vietnam put the VOA's appetite for dissent to a test that the agency, by its nature, was not equipped to meet very well. It had no choice but to defend the policy at the expense of the critics. This it did, in its reports and commentaries, by emphasizing again and again the fact that the demonstrators constituted "a small minority" (*malenkeye menshinstve*) without explaining, in any useful way, the under-currents of doubt and unease which give that minority a force beyond its numbers. Over the weekend of October 17, before the Johnson Administration's engineers of domestic opinion had cranked up the supporting expressions which poured forth in the following week, the broadcasts to Russia gave an impression that the demonstrations and the counter-assertions in the government's favor were more nearly in balance than they actually were. The VOA's Russian listeners must have gathered that the American government, inured though it is to dissent, was made distinctly unhappy by this display of it.

The accent on acceptable dissent is the major innovation for the broad Russian audience. Bigger changes appear in a developing effort to seek out special audiences among the several Soviet elites. Every night at 10, for instance, a 30-minute commentary – no news as such – is directed to the officials, editors and other specialists who because of their jobs need to know what the US government is saying about key events of the day. In brief and by design: "the American line" in half an hour, dependably at the same hour.

In a continuing series of lectures called "Forum," American authorities in education, political science, demography, agriculture, the visual arts talk at their Soviet counterparts on a high and presumably common level. The translated papers are read by Russian-speaking announcers who identify the authors. Two other series, designed for broader but sophisticated audiences, are in preparation. "An objective analysis of US-Soviet relations" since the 18th Century, in ten lectures, is

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intended to demonstrate "the historical fact" that the two countries have managed more often than not to get along fairly well, and that in this respect the Cold War period has been exceptional. At recorded symposia with translated over-speech supplied later, round-table groups of specialists in history, economics, the social sciences and like fields will examine nothing less than the whole spectrum of "American society in the mid-60s." Americans with Russian expertise have been invited to join the panels, the better to compare American with Soviet experience and practise.

Formidable as they seem, high-target programs of this kind take up no more than 60 to 90 minutes of the daily output to Russia. Most of the eight hours is given to news, music, sports and light features offered at a fast pace to the run of Russians, who no doubt would be as stupefied by the elite programs as they are assumed to be by the pedantry peddled over their own stations. One of the revisions scheduled for November 1, by way of mass appeal, is the elimination of most heavy programming on Saturday nights in order to make time for a steady flow of dance music on this, the universal Russian "night out" through the long winter. The Soviet radio system, incidentally, has recently instituted a 24-hour "light program," closely modelled upon the lighter VOA broadcasts.

Is VOA actually reaching the general and special audiences it seeks? The little evidence – occasional letters from Russians and reports from Americans in Russia – persuades our people that they are on a rewarding track. Certainly there is abundant support for the assumption that they are dealing with "a rising level of sophistication" at every rung of Soviet society. The rise in Russia of a constructive curiosity about the United States, a sensed demand for the substance along with the floss of the American story, and the demonstration of American willingness and capacity to meet that demand, congressional vigilantes notwithstanding, bodes well for us all.

JOHN OSBORNE

RELATIONS WITH THE U.S. AS A CAMPAIGN ISSUE

Canadian National Elections

Ottawa

It seems a long time since February 1963, when the Canadian government of John George Diefenbaker was overthrown by a vote of no confidence in the House of Commons (the first such defeat for 37 years) on the issue of Canada's relations with the United States, which were unprecedentedly bad.

This time, in the campaign that ends November 8, the subect has hardly been mentioned. Diefenbaker's Conservatives and the socialist New Democratic Party made some half-hearted attempts to accuse Lester B. Pearson's Liberal government of being too compliant with US policy in Vietnam and hinted that the Liberals will send Canadian troops there if they are re-elected with a parliamentary majority. Réal Caouette, leader of the Quebec wing of the Social Credit Party, even charged that the Liberals intend to impose "conscription for Vietnam," a wholly unsubstantiated fantasy that apparently nobody believed, since even Caouette had stopped repeating it by mid-campaign. The Liberals deny any other intention in Vietnam than to work by diplomatic means for a negotiated peace. Since this is also the policy of all four other Canadian parties (Social Credit has split between English and French, and each group now has its own leader), it can hardly be called an issue in the 1965 election.

This is true of most subjects that are controversial in the United States. For instance, no party in Canada opposes trade with Communist China – the nearest approach to an argument is whether the Conservatives or the Liberals deserve most credit for the massive sales of wheat to China and the Soviet Union which have brought affluence to the Canadian prairie provinces. Conservatives and Liberal governments both decided, at different times, to extend diplomatic recognition to Communist China; both were forced or persuaded by Washington's violently hostile reaction to change their minds, but it was easier for them to do so because few Canadians feel strongly on the matter one way or the other. No party opposes trade with Cuba, though Social Credit (which represents many sugar-beet farmers) sometimes makes grumbling noises. All parties profess the intention to remain friendly with the US, while protecting Canadian independence.

Nevertheless, Canadian-American relations are an important underlying issue in this campaign, as they have been in every one of recent years and are likely to be in the foreseeable future.

John Diefenbaker's notorious and mutual dislike of

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John F. Kennedy may help him with some voters but is a net liability. Lester Pearson's differences with Lyndon Johnson, which became public after Pearson's speech at Temple University suggesting a pause in the bombing of North Vietnam, do him less harm at home because Johnson is not a popular figure in Canada whereas Kennedy was adored. Broadly, a Conservative regime in Ottawa would be suspected of too much hostility to Washington, a Liberal regime of not enough.

In the important matter of American ownership of Canadian industry, and American domination of the Canadian economy, the Liberal government took two initiatives of which one failed and the other succeeded. Finance Minister Walter Gordon's attempt to impose a tax penalty on wholly-owned American companies in Canada had to be withdrawn. But Industry Minister C. M. Drury's carefully worked-out pact with the US government and the US motor manufacturers, for free trade in auto parts between the two countries, is proving itself a great success. The object was to create more jobs in the Canadian automobile industry, and it has been achieved.

Another issue of the near future will be the export of Canadian water. According to some estimates, Canada possesses 40 percent of all the fresh water in the world. To an increasingly thirsty United States, these northern Canadian lakes and northward-flowing rivers are valuable natural resources. All Canadians are worried by the apparent assumption, south of the border, that this water will be available to American use whenever it is wanted. Neither major party has worked out a coherent water policy, but the terms on which Canadian water will be shared, if at all, will obviously be a vital question for the next government of Canada. So far, the issue can only be defined as one of trust; which party can be trusted to make the best bargain?

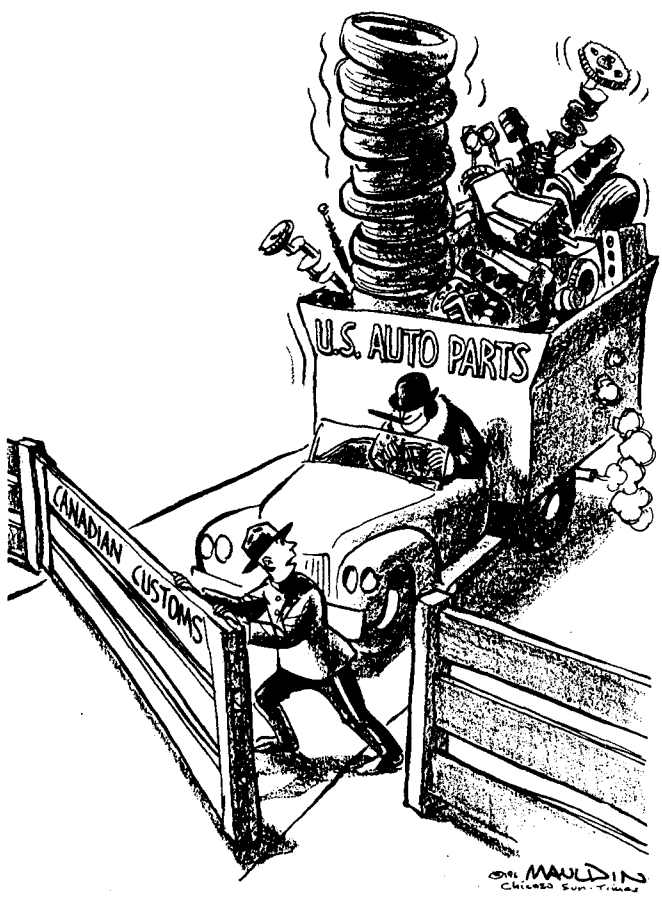
When the campaign began, polls indicated that Pearson's Liberals had a substantial lead – 48 percent of the decided vote against 28 percent for Diefenbaker's Conservatives, 15 percent for the socialist NDP, and nine percent for Social Credit and others. The semi-final pre-election poll on October 27 showed 47 percent Liberals, 30 percent Conservatives, 16 percent NDP and 7 percent Social Credit and other. The undecided vote, which had been an unprecedented 36 percent in September, was down to only 11 percent, indicating the late deciders were divided in roughly the same proportions as other voters.

But popular vote figures, never a reliable guide to election results in Canada, are now even less reliable than usual. The obsolete distribution of seats makes a rural vote more than twice as potent as an urban vote, for one thing. For another, French-speaking Quebec has almost wholly deserted the Conservative party while the wheat-growing prairies (John Diefenbaker's home ground) have almost completely deserted the Liberals. It is a common opinion among all parties that Diefenbaker will hold most of the west and most of the English-speaking rural areas, and that Liberals will hold most of Quebec and most city seats. The Liberals will gain in Quebec – this nobody doubts. The question is, will the gains in Quebec be enough to offset losses, if any, in English-speaking Protestant Ontario, and give Lester Pearson the small net increase he requires for a clear majority in the Canadian House of Commons?

Clouding these questions is the issue of scandal. During the past year a succession of malodorous episodes, of which the worst was an alleged attempt at bribery to get bail for narcotics smuggler Lucien Rivard, linked the names of various Liberals with underworld activities. All the accused or suspected are French-Canadians from Quebec, a fact which has the effect of linking the scandal issue (or more precisely, the exploitation of it in political speeches) to the broader issue of Canadian unity, the relations between English and French Canadians, and the stability of the Confederation.

Blair Fraser

Mr. Fraser *is parliamentary correspondent in Ottawa of the* Toronto Globe and Mail.



"Give me a chance to get out of the way."

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10,000,000 Bottles

by James Ridgeway

Congressman L. H. Fountain (D, N.C.), is back with another horror story from the drug world: The Food and Drug Administration spent last year prying around among 10 million bottles of intravenous solutions looking for the ones with the wrong labels before someone got injected with the wrong product. The goods were manufactured by Abbott Laboratories, a large drug company of North Chicago, Ill.

The Fountain subcommittee has been looking into the way the agency administers the new Kefauver drug amendments, which were meant to put the burden of proof for a drug's safety and efficacy on the manufacturer. The FDA was given authority to seize drugs manufactured in violation of certain rules it set forth and to ban their further distribution. In such cases companies face criminal prosecution. In recent years, companies have called back an unusually large number of drugs because of manufacturing mistakes. Many recalls are by big companies.

Abbott Laboratories is the leading supplier of intravenous solutions. These are contained in bottles that are commonly seen hanging over the hospital beds. The solutions are used to correct various chemical imbalances in the body, carry drugs, or provide nourishment. Abbott makes 80 different types, produces 20 million bottles a year said to be worth $10 million.

The trouble at Abbott seems to have begun April 30, 1964 when the company notified the FDA it was recalling 1,905 cases containing six bottles each of a sodium chloride (salt) injectible, some of which were mislabeled as a dextrose (sugar) solution.

FDA inspectors from the Chicago district office went out to the company's plant and took a look at the intravenous solutions manufacturing department to see whether they could find out why the labeling mixup occurred. They concluded 500 wrong labels were inadvertently fed into the labeling machine, and while the Abbott people were inclined to attribute this to simple human error, Jerome Bressler, the main FDA inspector, made a list of 27 manufacturing practices he thought were questionable. Bressler saw bits of paper, dirt and wood lying on the mezzanine that runs atop the tanks where the solutions are made up. The raw materials used in making the different solutions are kept on this mezzanine and then when needed are dumped down through man-hole openings into the tanks. He feared some of the debris might get into the tanks as well. Moreover, Bressler noticed there was only one scoop for measuring out the raw material, and while the workers washed it off each time they changed ingredients, the inspector felt it would be a good deal more sanitary to have one scoop for each kind of material. The company keeps a record of what it is making in each tank. Bressler saw that a dextrose 5 percent in water solution was supposed to be in tank 8, but on checking the tanks, he found instead it was being made up in tank 9. Bressler said that the way the assembly line was run it was conceivable that different kinds of drugs might come along in the same case, which would mean that workers would have to keep a sharp eye out not to make mistakes with labels. The company officials agreed with a number of Bressler's recommendations and made some of their own which were put into effect the middle of May.

Then on August 13 Abbott reported another labeling mixup. This time 500 labels for dextrose two-and-a-half percent in Lactated Ringer Solution had been put in a batch of 11,000 bottles that contained dextrose 10 percent in saline. FDA doctors said a diabetic who got this solution could go into a coma.

This batch of drugs had been manufactured before the new quality controls had taken effect in May. Abbott then quarantined all solutions made before the new controls were put into operation, and set its 800 salesmen and branch personnel to looking about for the bottles. If bottles were accurately labeled they were to be marked with an X. As the bottle checking went forward label and cap mixups were discovered in several other kinds of intravenous solutions, some of them manufactured after the May quality controls took effect. Abbott then began to examine its entire stock. Employees were sent back to double check, and if all goods were accurately labeled and capped, to mark them with an XX sign. For a time the production area was shut down so that workers there could be used in the search. Four hundred FDA inspectors were used to monitor the recall operation. Ten million bottles were involved, and all in all, it was the biggest search of its kind the FDA had been engaged in.

As more and more products with labeling mistakes came to light, the FDA got seriously worried. There was talk of putting out a press release. Abbott's execu-

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tives promised FDA on August 22 to send out 400,000 warning telegrams to users. The Food and Drug Administration did not issue the press release.

But a short while later the FDA got back disturbing reports from field inspectors who said in at least one instance cases of drugs marked with the XX supposedly signifying that they had been checked by Abbott personnel had, in fact, not even been opened and contained mislabeled bottles. Dr. Arthur Ruskin, deputy director of the agency's Division of New Drugs then wrote a memo recommending that all the company's injectibles be removed from the market. By this time 45 different batches with labeling mixups had turned up. Dr. Ruskin pointed out that the solutions were for very sick people and that use of the wrong product could prove fatal in kidney, heart or liver disease, diabetes, certain pregnancy diseases, endocrine disorders, infants with diarrhea or in patients who were hypersensitive. Mr. Julius Hauser, then assistant to the agency's medical director, in another memo agreed with Dr. Ruskin. He concluded the reports that "45 or more batches of parenteral [intravenous] drugs manufactured by Abbott Laboratories have been mislabeled in part are more than sufficient to establish that all parenteral drugs produced by the firm by the same methods and using the same facilities and controls are adulterated within the meaning of Section 501(a)(2)(B) of the Act." Following their advice would have meant calling back $5 million worth of intravenous solutions.

A Mysterious Turn

By August 28, the number of mislabeled lots recalled had reached 54, but a check of the company's files revealed no reports of injuries. The affair then took a decidedly mysterious turn.

On August 28 a team of three FDA inspectors from the Chicago office went back to the Abbott plant. This time, Bressler who once more was in charge, wanted to trace the manufacture from raw materials to finished product. In the process he intended to take photographs of plant operation and talk to assembly line personnel. The company previously had balked at the inspectors talking with the workers, insisting a lawyer be present at such interviews.

Three days later, while the investigation was in progress, Elmer Krueger, Abbott's director of Quality Control and Dr. George Hazel, vice president for Medical Affairs, met with Allan E. Rayfield, head of FDA's Bureau of Regulatory Compliance and James Nakada, the FDA Washington employee primarily responsible for monitoring the drug recalls. The meeting was to keep the FDA informed of progress in the drug recalls, but as Krueger made clear in a memo he wrote describing the session Abbott wanted the inspection called off. He said the inspectors' presence was making the employees nervous and insecure. Krueger's memorandum notes that he had told Rayfield ". . . in my opinion the public health would be better served if such a full scale investigation were delayed. . . . I asked that he give serious consideration to my request. He indicated that he would." (Rayfield testified Krueger had not asked him to call off the inspection.)

According to a memo filed by FDA's Mr. Nakada, Rayfield discussed the Abbott problem the next morning with Deputy Commissioner John Harvey (Harvey had a brother who worked at Abbott, and according to testimony given by Rayfield, had taken himself out of the case. Harvey himself was not able to testify because of illness.) Rayfield could not remember that meeting with Harvey, but according to Nakada, Harvey had said the company either could send out warning notices to all users, or recall lots where mixups occurred. These alternatives were presented to the company in a telephone call September 1. Mid-morning of the same day, the Washington office of the FDA pulled their inspectors out of the Abbott plant, before they could interview assembly line workers.

Apparently the company elected to recall lots where there was a labeling mixup, but even this was toned down. A further memorandum by Krueger, dated September 15, said he and Rayfield had agreed that with certain exceptions in the future Abbott could use its discretion in recalling additional batches of mislabeled drugs. (Rayfield told Congressman Fountain he could not remember that meeting either.) On September 16, the bottle by bottle examination begun by the company under the FDA's close watch was discontinued. Finally in December the FDA issued a citation charging Abbott with poor manufacturing practices. The case was placed in abeyance after a hearing in March of this year.

All in all, according to the FDA, Abbott had recalled about 150,000 bottles, some 1,000 of them mislabeled.

The FDA in Slow Motion

Last week the FDA announced it will require antihistamines containing meclizine, cyclizine and chlorcyclizine to carry labels warning against their use in pregnancy. This will apply to Pfizer's Bonine and Burroughs Wellcome's Marezine, two compounds sold over the counter in drug stores for nausea. While FDA has been urged by its own medical experts since 1963 to put these drugs on a prescription-only basis (NR, Sept. 25, 1965), it instead decided on the label warning which reads: "Not for use by women who are pregnant, or who may possibly become pregnant, unless directed by a physician, since this drug may have the potentiality of injuring the unborn child."

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Rayfield was asked by the Fountain committee investigators whether there had been any further problems with Abbott since the case was placed in abeyance. He said the most recent investigation in June of this year showed no other difficulties.

But on looking into the files, the subcommittee staff uncovered a June inspection record showing inadequate control procedures were used in the manufacture of a new bottle cap. On review of this field inspection report, however, FDA officials disagreed with its conclusions, and deleted the statement that the company was operating with inadequate production controls.

In September shortly before Rep. Fountain was scheduled to bring this matter up, he received a letter from FDA Commissioner George Larrick acknowledging a new problem at Abbott and stating that the company on its own initiative was recalling 310 lots of solutions manufactured between October, 1964 and April, 1965 because of complaints about the new kind of liner used in the bottle cap. By October 14, the FDA says Abbott recalled nearly half-a-million suspect bottles.

The record developed by Mr. Fountain might seem to suggest that a prudent commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration would have seized all Abbott intravenous solutions on the market last August, and sought an injunction to bar their further distribution until manufacturing procedures were improved. But both the FDA and the company believe the steps they took were sufficient to protect the public interest. Indeed, in a press release last week, Abbott said, "The estimated total cost of the [1964 drug] reinspection was $669,000 – a program perhaps without parallel in American industry to protect the public, especially in view of the extremely remote health hazards."

Modern Times in Phoenix

A City at the Mercy of Its Myths

by Andrew Kopkind

Phoenix

Phoenix was born as a city – and Arizona as a state – with the Salt River reclamation project in 1911, the federal government's first effort at regional development. Ever since, Arizonans have been denying their paternity. According to the dominant myth, Phoenix rose from the desert by a mystical exercise of frontier spirit and Christian capitalism, unhindered by government. But suddenly, Phoenix is in the middle of a nasty, although not fatal recession, and some of the mythological covers have come off. It is no longer a frontier town, but rather a huge, unplanned urban complex having more in common with, say, Detroit than with Dodge City. Politically underdeveloped and socially naïve, Phoenix finds that it does not have the tools – in terms of attitudes and instruments – to deal with its affairs. It is at the mercy of its own myths. Most Phoenicians are in the position of the gentleman in Bob Dylan's song: "You know something's happening, but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?"

"Basically, I think our state and our city are suffering from an excessive orientation toward conservatism," a savings-and-loan banker said last month. Phoenix's mayor, Milton Graham, agrees: "In some areas, we've been blindly conservative (and I consider myself a conservative)." Mayor Graham's sad qualification was necessary; in Phoenix "conservatism" is so much a part of the credo that anyone who dares criticize must do so in its name.

The myths show up in every confrontation Phoenix and Arizona have with modern times. Two weeks ago, voters in a referendum election throughout the state turned down two propositions which would have made it possible to provide social services and educational facilities with state bonds. The first would have raised the state debt limitation from $350,000 to $100 million; the second would have empowered the legislature to issue some bonds without first having a referendum. "Pay-as-you-go," the Eleventh Commandment in Arizona, has failed to allow anything like enough money for education (students are sleeping in hallways at the University of Arizona, and state colleges cannot expand to meet local demand; for health (Arizona has one mental hospital and one clinic for a million-and-a-half people, and the hospital is staffed by one psychiatrist – the administrator; Massachusetts, by comparison, has 33 mental care facilities); or for new children's

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homes, for prisons, and for old-age care.

The idea of general obligation bonds nevertheless was too much for Arizonans to comprehend. They defeated the proposals five-to-one; only one precinct in the entire state voted in favor of both proposals.

Even when governments sneak through community improvement controls, the people like to throw them out. The Phoenix City Council revoked its housing code in early 1961. Later, it thought better of its move and passed a new one. That code was repealed by the voters in a special election in 1963. Eight hundred cities have housing codes; not Phoenix.

One day it occurred to the businessmen and bankers who make up the city's loose "establishment" that their interests lay in rebuilding the center of the city, which had been left a shambles as the city expanded to the north and east. The economics of center-city renewal being what they are, outside help – dare one call it federal aid? – was needed. Washington was eager to oblige – President Kennedy sent a telegram to the mayor of Phoenix urging him to accept urban renewal funds. But there was the matter of the housing code. No funding could take place without one.

So effective had the brainwashing been that the populace could not easily be convinced of the need for a code, much less for urban renewal. The two Phoenix newspapers, for years the most archaic big-city press in America (both are owned by Eugene Pulliam) had equated urban renewal with all that was evil in the world. The *Phoenix Gazette* calls it "federalized property management," and says to accept urban renewal would be "giving a combined federal bureaucracy the right to condemn and tear down homes, stores, office buildings and the like, moving the owners out bodily and acquiring title to their property." That argument has been made, too, by those who think that slum clearance should provide more housing for the poor, but it was hardly the point of the *Gazette's* editorial, which declared – "Phoenix doesn't need any more public housing." The loss of projected housing for the aged (canceled when the housing code was repealed) was "something less than tragic; the loss doesn't seem to have hurt anyone."

The Pulliam papers, like most Phoenicians, believed for a long time that they were living in middle-class utopia, a demi-paradise in the desert with no slums, no troubles that could not be fixed up by private initiative – that is, someone else's private initiative. But Phoenix is no paradise. The entire "Southside" is a squalid slum, covering 34.5 square miles, bigger than Manhattan, and half again as big as the Watts-Compton riot area in Los Angeles. It looks like a cross between a Mississippi Black Belt Negro ghetto and a Mexican border town. All of the city's Negroes (about five percent of the city's population of 600,000) and most of the Mexican-Americans (about nine percent of the population) live there. Streets are unpaved, sewers unconnected, and public utilities inadequate; many houses have outdoor toilets, and many houses are no better than outhouses. Last week Negro and Latin youths stoned cars and broke windows in a four-block Southside area. Mayor Graham said the incident (like other smaller unreported acts of violence which occur frequently) was not "racial" in origin. And in a sense he was right: it was even more an example of class conflict.

Even more striking is the contrast between the Southside and the affluent new Phoenix on the other side (literally) of the tracks. The gulf fixed between the two areas is wide. *Apartheid* is complete. "The two cities look at each other across a golf course," someone cracked. There is a small war on poverty (Project Lead), run not by an independent agency but completely within the city government, that is more a skirmish than a major campaign. The valiant director left last week for a job in Kansas City. There is no new director chosen yet, but whoever takes the job will discover that Phoenix will allow only as much action as will relieve the most explosive pressures in the slums. "Phoenix is just beginning to learn the conservative values of the New Deal," one of the few active reformers in Phoenix says. "It may never learn the progressive ones."

The anti-poverty war consists mainly of a Neighborhood Youth Corps, some pre-schooling, and health and recreation services. There is virtually no "community action," and more importantly, no assault on the housing problem. The city council has, however, started work on a new housing code. It is being drawn up by a blue-ribbon commission which would like some day to have federal aid for a new convention hall and culture center in downtown Phoenix. They know that a code will be necessary to get help for the projects, and while they have no interest in slum housing, they are willing to consider urban renewal if it entails downtown rehabilitation. That, at least, is a start.

A Frankenstein's Monster

It remains to be seen whether the bulk of the population (the metropolitan area – Maricopa County – is pushing 900,000, and will double in 15 years) sees its interests in the same light as the establishment. In a sense, the older leaders have created a Frankenstein's monster which no longer does their bidding. The bogies conjured up by "the conservatives" have so long been accepted as real that any step forward is suspect. Last month, 1,000 people in Phoenix turned out for a $50-plate dinner to honor Robert Welch and the John Birch Society. The police chief proudly sat at the head table. The establishment now wants intensive growth, rather than the shallow, extensive development which characterized Phoenix's sprawl over

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Salt River Valley (made possible, everyone forgets, with *Federal* Housing Administration loans) since the end of World War II. To fill in the holes and build more levels of society, Phoenix needs more industry: a recent study shows that the population rate is far outstripping the employment rate. Even without further economic setbacks, there will be a deficit of many thousands of jobs in a few years. The downtown businessmen hope that attractive universities, culture, and an "urban atmosphere" (which they have heard about, but don't fully understand) can lure new employers.

Some progress has already been made in getting big new businesses, but they are of a kind – electronics, defense, and similar "clean" industries – that does little to relieve hard-core unemployment among Negroes, Mexican-Americans, and white immigrants from the Southern mountains. The pride of the community is a new Motorola plant; it is also the object of resentment from the minority communities, and some concern from federal fair-employment examiners (it is a prime government contractor) who are worried about all the complaints of discrimination lodged against it.

About a year-and-a-half ago, the bottom began slipping in the construction boom, one of the largest industries and the biggest non-agricultural employer. Then, the floor just fell out. Building permits decreased by almost half in the past year, and there are virtually no new major construction starts. A huge new high-rise apartment house has been up for several months and still preserves its occupancy virginity: it is 100 percent vacant. Another big office building complex went into bankruptcy as it was ready for occupancy: it is only 20 percent filled. The rate of unemployment is higher than the national average, and the business failure rate is three times as high. Arizona's right-to-work law inhibits growth of unions in the unskilled trades – where wages are appalling. "It's a cat-clawing labor market," a union leader said.

Mediocrity of Leadership

State government in Arizona is an object of some ridicule and many insults from both Democrats and Republicans. The legislature is reported to have only one first-rate member, a conservative Republican from Tucson named John Haugh. A few state senators are said to be shrewd. The rest are mediocre or worse. There is no staff of great competence, and no finance or budget department at all. Democrats control the Senate, and they have a majority in the House, but the conservatives of the two parties have formed a coalition and have organized the chamber together. A Democrat is speaker; a Republican (Haugh) is "majority leader." Committee chairmanships and other offices are parceled out like ministerial portfolios.

The biggest disappointment of the season is the Democratic governor, Sam Goddard, who in a few short months has managed to alienate the entire political spectrum, from the far right (which dislikes him because he is an inept liberal Democrat) to the far left (which dislikes him merely because he is inept). About his ineptitude there is very little controversy. He is rumored to be entirely lacking in political skills. He lectures his friends and foes alike, remains aloof, picks fights when he need not, and unerringly attaches himself to losing causes.

The governorship of Arizona is a pathetic office anyhow. It has very little power; the railroad, mining, and agricultural interests who organized the state many years ago decided that government-by-commission was easier to control, and commissions, instead of the governor, run the state. No one much wants the job, but a Republican will probably take it. More appealing is the US Senate, and there are many eyes on the seat that Carl Hayden now occupies (or *seems* to occupy) as a hereditary right. Barry Goldwater, almost certainly, will get it, if Hayden does not run again in 1968, or if the Fates decree a special election before that time (Hayden is 88). Either of the two Udall brothers, secretary of Interior Stewart Udall or Representative Morris Udall, could be the Democratic nominee, and there is a new-old face in Phoenix, too. William P. Mahoney, Jr., who just resigned as ambassador to Ghana, has returned to town to practice law. He came up the hard way (he was once a railroad employee) to become a successful prosecuting attorney in Phoenix. He is a progressive Democrat (he helped win Arizona's delegation for Kennedy in 1960) and an impressive personality, but he needs to renew his statewide contacts.

Goldwater meanwhile stays in whatever memory hole he found after the election. His major speech here last month was an address to the 11th annual Scottsdale Schools Student Council. He takes no part in Phoenix affairs (he was City Councilman before running for the Senate in 1952).

The city is still in the hands of a nonpartisan council and mayor who represent the Republican establishment. They are all running for reelection this month, and they will doubtless all win, for there is only token opposition. Two years ago, a slate of liberals put up a challenge, and lost to a man. This time, the incumbents included on their slate a Negro and a Mexican-American, and succeeded in heading off the reformers. In a sense, the challenge of 1963 had been successful: it forced the establishment leaders to broaden their slate, but the minority-group members will still owe their power to the businessmen above them.

"Phoenix could have been a real show-piece," one of the frustrated reformers said sadly last week, "but it will be just one more conventional city. Everybody says, 'life's so pleasant, why make trouble?' Now the city's just going flat, like a balloon with a slow leak."

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Arms Nobody Wants To Control

by Alastair Buchan

The fear of nuclear proliferation has now become one of the prime forces shaping American and British foreign policy, though there is as yet no clear agreement on how it should be confronted. In the attempt to isolate and study this problem, relatively little attention has been paid to proliferation of non-nuclear weapons. Yet in at least two big confrontations, between India and Pakistan, and between Israel and her Arab neighbors, this has directly influenced consideration of national nuclear weapons. It is ironical that the industrial powers of the northern hemisphere, Western and Communist, have in the past decade spent tens of billions of dollars in the attempt to stabilize the balance of power among themselves, but elsewhere have pursued policies leading to local arms races which by committing them increasingly to their client states have risked the destabilization of their own precarious relationship.

It is important not to inflate this proposition. Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union, Britain and France or Czechoslovakia can be held directly responsible for the fact that any rebel leader in the third world war can lay his hands on enough small arms to start a guerrilla war. This is partly the result of the vast dumps of military equipment that were left scattered all over the world twenty years ago, or disbursed, like those in the enormous Suez base, in the process of decolonization. It also derives partly from the fact that they can be manufactured so easily, as the Viet Cong, fashioning water pipes into mortars, have shown. The laxity of some countries – notably the United States – about personal weapons has not helped. But the private trade in arms, the grubby activities of the men in Alexandria and Monaco, Milan and Hamburg, who can supply a plane load of rifles or a couple of old aircraft to a rebel leader, are not a serious threat to international peace. It is the sober policy of sober governments which is the root of the trouble.

The pattern of military aid and trade over the last ten years since the Soviet Union entered the picture is an exceedingly complex one, and is difficult to plot with any accuracy since most governments conceal essential information in their figures. But one can identify two pressures which seem to have operated with roughly equal force on Western and Warsaw Pact countries.

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The first is the enormous thirst for major armaments in the third world. It is a by-product of decolonization itself, the emergence of over 50 new states, to whom arms, fighter aircraft, frigates, tanks bearing their own national emblems are as much a sign of sovereign independence as they are to the historic nation states. It is not at all surprising that the industrial powers, locked in an ideological struggle of their own, should have seen this eagerness for arms as a source of influence in the areas outside the direct East-West conflict. The supply of even relatively simple weapons necessitates a training mission and ties the country umbilically to the supply of spare parts. The military establishment is bound to play a part in the politics of a new country and is thus an important source of influence. There is an implicit competition for its favors. The British for years sought this sort of relationship with the Middle Eastern states as well as with the new Commonwealth countries. The French have tried, unsuccessfully, to maintain a monopoly of military aid to former French Africa. The Soviet Union has scattered its favors on a purely opportunist basis to Egypt and Indonesia on a grand scale, to Cuba, Iraq, Syria, Algeria, Morocco, Somalia and Afghanistan, as well as providing MIGS for India. Most of the $21 billion spent in American military aid over the past ten years has, of course, gone to her allies in the Far East and Europe but, under the notion of "free world orientation" it has also been scattered among a wide range of smaller countries.

The second pressure for military aid and trade derives from the hectic pace of the central arms race, which clutters the inventories and depots of the industrial powers with hardware which is obsolescent for their needs but is still quite serviceable. They have gone through three generations of fighter aircraft and tanks in the last 20 years, two of anti-aircraft missiles and one of almost every type of ship. Treasury officials in Moscow as well as in Washington view with less gloom the scrapping of equipment which has cost so much to develop if it can be written off the books by aid or trade to another country, even at a modest value. Ever since the 19th Century the major powers have steadily offloaded obsolescent ships on to the minor ones (an acquaintance of mine who was due for retirement after serving as naval attaché in a Latin American country was offered retention and promotion if he could sell a cruiser to its government). However, the United States

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has shown greater self-restraint than the Soviet Union, even if its military aid programs are much larger. It has sent its obsolescent medium bombers, the B-47s, to the scrap heap while the Russians have cheerfully offloaded Badgers on the Egyptians and the Indonesians to the detriment of the local balance of power. The most obvious fallacy in the American military aid policy has been the theory that arms could be given to a country like Pakistan or India for use against a Communist threat without upsetting local balances or local quarrels.

In the past five years a new factor has been complicating an already complex situation. When the Kennedy Administration decided to offset the very large balance of payments deficit, incurred by reason of US military expenditures in Europe and Asia, by an increase in sales as opposed to gifts of military equipment, the assumption may have been that this would be primarily to countries like Germany, Belgium or Japan which were part of the central East-West balance of power. But this deliberate American decision to dominate the arms market within her own alliances had two secondary effects. First, it forced those countries who were determined to compete with the United States in the field of advanced technology, aircraft, electronics and computers, and who, even more than the United States, cannot maintain a broad enough research and development base to support them without military orders, to seek military markets in the third world. Thus, France, denied a fair share of the European arms trade, increased her sales of fighter-bombers to Israel and India and would probably sell them Mirage IVs if asked. Britain did the same to South Africa until second thoughts caused a change of policy. Second, the American desire to sell *new* equipment to Europe has created a problem of obsolescence among America's customers in Europe and a need to offload elsewhere. This wholly disastrous American policy is, in addition, now one of the driving forces of anti-Americanism in Europe, and ensures a growing support for a generally Gaullist position from influential Europeans.

The explosive situations that exist in the third world illustrate different facets of the same problem. The Somali-Ethiopian conflict shows the effect that a relatively small amount of arms can have upon a local conflict in Africa, a continent where there are 20 non-African nations involved in the supply of arms or military training to the 33 African countries. The Arab-Israel confrontation suggests that once the externel powers get on each side of a fierce local conflict they become obliged to give or sell increasingly sophisticated armaments to their own client: it becomes an extension in miniature of their own arms race. Egypt now has MIG 21s and the latest Soviet missile-firing PT boats. Israel has got Hawk missiles and Patton tanks.

Indonesia's conflict with her neighbors now pins down 50,000 British troops, a large part of the Royal Navy, and virtually the whole of the Australian defense effort, and thereby distorts the priorities of the West in Asia. Her power to do this derives largely from earlier American and Soviet efforts to buy more influence over her policy through gifts of sophisticated hardware.

Finally, the Indo-Pakistan conflict: For 11 years first India then Pakistan used the supply of Western arms to one side or the other as a pretext for refusing to settle the cause of conflict, Kashmir; and finally for conflict itself. And the outcome of this conflict appears considerably to have accelerated the prospect of an Indian nuclear weapons program.

Obviously this is not a state of affairs to which there is an easy answer. There have been many second thoughts about military aid and trade in Washington, and some signs of rethinking in Moscow. But efforts at Geneva and elsewhere to plumb the chances of an agreement on the restriction of military aid – President Johnson's proposal for a "bomber bonfire" for instance – have met Soviet indifference. Moreover, a concerted policy on the part of the super powers, even if attainable, would need much wider support to be effective. If the US, the Soviet Union and Britain were to agree to make the replacement of the tanks and aircraft destroyed in the Indo-Pakistan conflict conditional on a Kashmir settlement, France, which regards arms sales as simply good business, might step into their place, as she has stepped into Britain's place as the supplier of South Africa. There are some countries (e.g., the US, Soviet Union, Britain, France, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Switzerland and Italy) whose active support for a conventional arms control agreement is vital.

There are palliatives worth considering. A reversal of the American decision to finance its European military costs by arms sales, to be replaced by some form of direct European financial contribution to them, together with the active encouragement of an integrated European arms basis, would absorb European technological energies and remove some of the pressure for sales to the third world. A more pragmatic approach to the Soviet Union, suggesting a coordinated policy on the supply of arms to countries which may be in conflict or cahoots, with China, India, Pakistan and Indonesia for a start, might be more successful than an attempt at a formal and universal agreement. Undoubtedly the dangerous implications of a great power arms race by proxy in the Middle East can only be averted by direct negotiation. But perhaps the most important step forward would be the recognition, in public as well as in official thinking, that arms are not just another form of engineering exports, and that the dividends and employment rolls of Lockheed or Vickers, Boeing or Dassault, Hughes or Oerlikon are trivial considerations by comparison with the damage which their products can inflict in a world bedeviled by the problems of immature nationalism.

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The Department of Headaches

by Wolf Von Eckardt

By the time this is read – or shortly thereafter – we shall have a Secretary of Housing and Urban Affairs. Thus we officially recognize that the livability of cities and suburbs merits the same attention in the councils of our national government as the efficient distribution of mail. His Department will have to grapple with the failure, recently noted by Walter Lippmann "to make our cities, which are destined to be the home of the great majority of Americans, civilized and safe."

With his "new towns" and rent supplement programs, President Johnson offered promising solutions to the much discussed urban mess. But the new towns proposal was killed in congressional committee before it could even be debated, and rent supplements, though they passed with the 1965 Housing Act, had their funds cut off in the adjournment rush. "Cynicism and self-interest preyed on fear of the new and imaginative," the President said.

In the past, even in the ruggedly individualist American past, the public has planned and built communities in the public interest, staked out public spaces, constructed the needed public buildings and amenities such as schools and parks, and allocated the areas where people build private homes. Today, the private builder comes first, more often than not raping the land for profit; the public gets what's left of the spoils at exorbitant cost. The school board in Montgomery County, Maryland, for instance, recently had to pay a record $12,000 an acre for an undersized school site at the edge of a cemetery at a place ironically called Parklawn. The site had inadequate interior roads and walkways to school for the children. The price was the penalty for a sudden rezoning from the originally planned low-density, detached-homes neighborhood with few children to more profitable, high-density apartment buildings with many children. The annals of our suburban doldrums are full of such sad lessons. We don't want to pay anything for the public realm until forced to. And by the time we are forced, we pay far more than we should to get less than we should. While we believe in an efficient, convenient, healthy and pleasant environment for every American family, we also believe, with equal fervor, in the right of every American to make the largest possible profit out of every piece of real estate he happens to own.

To protect both the environment and private enterprise, we look to effective planning and to government to establish some kind of workable balance. But our specialized planning agencies, to quote Lewis Mumford, "do nothing to counteract the cataclysmic economic forces that are now producing something close to urban chaos, in which purposeless violence, barefaced criminality and meaningless 'happenings' contradict all the professed boasts of an advancing civilization." And our federal programs, more often than not, disrupt rather than strengthen a coherent approach to an explosive urbanization. For instance, there are federal programs to build highways and public transportation, insure mortgages, renew cities, aid schools, preserve open space, assist the arts, provide low-cost housing, wage war on poverty and even, laudably, help preschool slum children get a head start in learning. But there is no agreement, even among those who administer these programs, on what they are all to add up to.

Those in charge of the federal highway program, which has so far allotted more than $20 billion for cities, still see themselves in bitter, cut-throat competition with the federal mass transportation program for which only a maximum of $375 million has been authorized. This $375 million can't even meet the public transportation needs of Chicago. Urban renewal is supposed to keep taxpayers and jobs downtown, but the freeways and suburban mortgage insurance lure them out. The freeways, furthermore, take taxable land, displace people and saddle the cities with the horrendous expense of providing more and more parking space. We spend public money to combat air pollution, and at the same time spend far more public money to bring into the city more cars that poison the air. Slum clearance and building code enforcement programs help spread the slums because, unlike in most countries of Europe, where the law requires that a new home is physically ready and waiting for people before they can be displaced by government action, America's low-cost housing lags far behind. In the depression FDR dramatically

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announced that one third of the nation was ill-housed. It is still nearly 20 percent, not a figure to be proud of, considering how much richer our society has become.

What's more, most of the people in these substandard dwellings are colored and poor, and therefore doomed to stay in the ghetto despite federal open occupancy rules. Most of the new, federally aided low-cost housing is built in colored areas. Local zoning sees to that. The zoning is contrived by municipal planning agencies and commissions which seem to consider keeping poor Negroes out of the lily-white residential neighborhoods the prime purpose of city planning. Much federally aided middle-income housing, both in the cities and suburbs, is built to improve run-down neighborhoods that are occupied by poor Negroes, thus crowding them back into the ghetto.

Who Cares About the Public?

The slum problem is further compounded by the continuing emigration of farm laborers into the city, which is indirectly encouraged by federal programs. The farm population dropped from roughly 23 million in 1950 to about 13 million in 1964 – though in that same period our total population went up from 152,271,000 to 192,119,000. Since 1960, 816,000 people a year have moved away from the farm – many of them into the city, attracted by the protection of minimum wages and better education.

One trouble with the federal programs is that they heavily favor private interests, and those that don't, like public housing, are deliberately kept puny. It started in the New Deal which believed, probably rightly at the time, that the government must prop up the home builder and mortgagor to get the ailing economy going again. The economy has long been doing quite well, but the theory hangs on. Housing legislation still equates the welfare of the building industry with the public welfare. It is, as housing expert Charles Abrams points out, not surprising therefore that low-income families were all but forgotten until the war against poverty came along. The urban renewal program tends to favor downtown business: housing for the poor is replaced with corporation palaces and luxury apartments. The highway program favors the automobile and heavy construction industry. No wonder that in public transportation we are the most underdeveloped country in the industrialized world.

Much of the federal legislation passed with the best intentions is, furthermore, ultimately corroded in the clash of rivalries between autonomous local agencies. Just recently, for instance, there was a big hassle in Baltimore because the highway department insisted on ramming its Jones Falls Expressway right through an area for which the housing and urban renewal agency had drawn up elaborate plans and smack through one newly completed and one nearly completed public housing project. This is but one illustration of what happens despite millions spent on planning. In return for pampering the builders and highway engineers, the government insists that their construction meet certain minimum standards of health and safety. But, illogically, no one insists that their work also meet larger public needs. Is a playground not almost as essential as a well ventilated bathroom? Shouldn't freeways be used to hold communities together and run between them, rather than tear them apart? Housing for rich and poor ought no longer to be conceived merely as shelter, as a commodity on the market. Recreation, indoors and out, day and night, education for children and adults, health assistants and, where needed, individual and family guidance and welfare services should become just as mandatory in housing developments as off-street parking for automobiles.

The federal government tries. Mrs. Marie C. McGuire, head of the public housing agency, reports that there are 19,000 community service programs – such as scouting, health care, homemaking, arts and crafts and literacy training – concentrated in public housing projects throughout the nation. These programs attract 2.6 million people a month. Mrs. McGuire, along with Robert C. Weaver, head of the Housing and Home Finance Agency, William Slayton, heading urban renewal, and a few others, are among the officials President Kennedy appointed; they are on the side of good community design, social awareness and racial integration. With their new standards and guides and much missionary speechmaking they valiantly battle their own entrenched bureaucracies, autonomous local agencies which are subject to local pressures, and Congress. The recent fashion to criticize these federal officials and to attack federal housing and urban renewal programs in general is unfair. No one denies that grave mistakes have been made. But neither can it be denied that federal housing and urban renewal programs have brought forth some handsome contributions. I am hard put to think of any outstanding achievement in any of our cities in recent years – from the preservation of historic streets in Providence to the exciting new campus of the University of Illinois in Chicago – in which federal urban renewal did not have a hand. There are a number of new public housing projects that have won or deserve awards for architectural excellence. The Garfield Terrace project in Washington, D. C., for example, designed by Nicholas Satterlee, is far more cheerful and attractive than most projects private builders put up for the well-to-do. A recent project for the elderly in Miami by architects Pancoast, Ferendino, Skeels and Burnham is another instance. It is so attractive, in fact, that a prominent Miami realtor in a public meeting pronounced it "too pretty for poor people."

Perhaps he is right. For although there is no reason

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why public housing should be as dreary as it used to be, one thing that is holding us back in the face of our desperate low-cost housing shortage may be that we impose too many unnecessary middle-class standards on buildings for people of low income. There is no point in building slums of tomorrow. But there is also no point in making decent homes so expensive that we can't build enough of them. Let's get rid of the rats before we tile bathrooms.

In 1962 half the nation's families earned less than the median income of $5,956. Of these families, 39 percent could prudently spend $83 a month for housing. For 29 percent the figure was $67. And for 20 percent the limit was $50 or less. Good housing at these figures is practically unobtainable today. And in the next 20 years the population of the United States is estimated to increase by 71 million. We will need over two million new homes a year by 1975, according to President Johnson. Many of them will either have to be cheaper or be subsidized, probably both.

The next question is *where* to build the homes for those whose income is below average. Right now they don't have any choice. They are stuck in the city because the suburbs won't have them, even though a good many of their places of employment are moving out there. Yet there is not enough vacant land downtown to build enough low-cost housing, at least not at reasonable prices. Some say: leave it to local initiative. Let the federal government give localities the money without strings or standards, and the cities and suburbs will do what's right. Without a federal highway program, so it is argued, the localities would improve existing streets rather than build six-lane interstate highways. Without urban renewal they would improve their schools, garbage collection and existing housing rather than call in the bulldozers. I doubt, however, that the local governments would be able to resist the pressures that now keep poor Negroes in ghettoes and lure middle-income people out into the suburban subdivisions.

The established suburbs will in time, no doubt, comply with open occupancy laws and accept a few middle-class Negroes. But low-income, semi-skilled workers will not get there by themselves in any number. And as long as they don't, we can't clear or rehabilitate their houses for middle-income people so as to have all income groups and races in the city as we should. The President therefore proposed federal assistance to plan and build "brand-new communities on the rim of the city. Often," he said, "such communities can help break the patterns of the central city ghetto by providing low and moderate income housing in suburban areas." He wanted federally insured private loans to finance the acquisition and development of land for the planning and building of complete communities that would include employment centers. He wanted financial assistance to state land development agencies to enable them to acquire large tracts of land, put in the sewers, roads, school sites and public spaces and then resell the improved land to private builders. This and, I'm afraid, this alone would make racially and economically balanced new towns possible.

He ran up against determined opposition of the big city mayors, seconded by National Association of Housing and Redevelopment officials. Their stated reason was that they feared the new towns might attract industry away from the city. Industry is moving out anyway, and it is becoming quite obvious and desirable that the inner city should not be an old-fashioned industrial, but a modern office and managerial center. At any rate, the new-towns proposal was never even debated by Congress.

Another new approach by Mr. Johnson was the rent supplement program. It would give federal encouragement to private, nonprofit groups and individual investors who are willing to produce housing for people in the slums, the aged, the handicapped and those displaced by urban renewal, freeways and other public building. Subsidized tenants would have greater freedom of choice where to live, as they would not be restricted to public housing. Here was another hope for breaking the barriers of the slum ghetto. Congress passed this provision, then knocked out the appropriation to operate it.

An Effective, Unified Instrument

This is the far from auspicious beginning on which the new Secretary of Housing and Urban Development must build. Congress has given him all the language he needs to coordinate urban programs and resolve the contradictions of public policy. His job description asks for "leadership" and speaks of the sound development of the nation's communities and metropolitan areas as "a matter of national purpose." But noble declarations notwithstanding, it may turn out to be as tough to forge entrenched old agencies that enjoyed semi-independence in the old HHFA into an effective, unified instrument as it was to unify the armed services in a Department of Defense. It may be even tougher to coordinate all the other federal activities that bear upon urban development. Federal programs in education, public welfare, highway construction, water supply and poverty all affect it vitally. Yet these responsibilities are lodged in other departments and agencies. The Secretary will need intradepartmental diplomacy of a high order. Just think of the clash between the highway interests, entrenched in Commerce, and the need for mass transportation, a concern of the new Department.

At the same time the new Secretary will have to pick up the pieces of the shattered Johnson proposals and package them into a form that can pass Congress next year. To achieve this he'll have to take it to the people

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and get the country – particularly labor and the civil rights movement – excited about it. How could the Administration hope to pass its new-towns idea when hardly anyone in the country knows what the word stands for? It didn't even dare give the child its proper name. "Comprehensively planned communities" is hardly a designation to stir men's blood. Nor do many people understand what rent supplements are all about.

The Secretary's task is to persuade and cajole the cities to use federal programs more constructively, not to build highways, office centers and housing as though each could function independently, but to turn the city, as Mr. Johnson put it, "into a collection of communities where every member has a right to belong . . . where each individual's dignity and self-respect is strengthened by the respect and affection of his neighbors." There is nothing magic, mystical or impossible about this if everything we build – from the superhighway and rapid transit station to the school and small neighborhood park – has this purpose in mind.

But cities and suburbs are interdependent despite their political boundaries. Here, too, federal salesmanship armed with both stick and carrot is in order. There is no sense in waiting until local governments see the light and voluntarily give up their autonomy in favor of metropolitan government. They won't. Not for a long, long time. Nor can we pin any realistic hopes on effective regional planning – certainly not in regions where several states are involved. Though the President spoke warmly of the need for regional planning in his message on cities, the voters are afraid of the planners and for good reason. They don't want some distant theoretician to decide to put a highway through their house or build a highrise apartment next to it. Our best way out is to make planning matters subject to politics, elect our planning boards as we elect most school boards, bat planning problems about at election time, and then make them stick.

Tooling Up Building Technology

There is also much more the new Secretary can do to give energetic support to the good that is being done. If the federal government believes in new towns, it should take note that several such towns are being privately built – Reston and Columbia near Washington, D. C. and Valencia, Irvine Ranch, Santa Catalina and others in California. The new Secretary should not find it difficult to persuade his colleagues in the cabinet to locate new government agencies and government defense contractors there. This would immeasurably strengthen the whole idea by providing employment in these new communities, including employment for low-income groups. There is, furthermore, far more that private institutions, particularly labor and the churches could and should do to provide low-cost housing. They do in other countries. Such programs as the so-called 221-d-3 subsidies for non-profit organizations have been on the books for years, but interest in them has not been what it should be. On his way back from taking his oath of office the new Secretary could do worse than to stop in at AFL-CIO headquarters and remind George Meany of the possibilities of these programs. And he might take a swing around and talk to the National Council of Churches and the Catholic groups. There is no reason but lethargy why our great public institutions should not safely invest their funds in improving the urban environment. They could build hundreds of lovely new, economically and racially balanced communities both in the suburbs and in the existing city and would put all the one-color, one-class bedroom subdivisions and housing projects to shame.

Most of all, the new Secretary may want to be known as the man who finally tooled up our building technology and brought about a new social architecture. Just watch by what primitive methods, compared to the automated production of an automobile, say, even a daring skyscraper, let alone a simple house, is still built. Medicine has increased our longevity and agriculture has dramatically increased productivity and value. Architecture, as an architect recently observed, has reduced productivity and increased prices. Our great-grandfathers paid for the family in three years. We are lucky if we can qualify for a thirty-year loan. Architectural ingenuity has, these past decades, concentrated almost entirely on corporation palaces and luxurious edifices. The places where people live have been left to the housing merchants.

Here, too, most European countries, with their prefabrication and standardization of building components and with advanced design are doing far better than we. And their houses look less monotonous than ours. With all the research going on in America there is hardly any building research to speak of, and there hasn't been a new development in the building industry for years. The building trade unions and local building codes, it is usually said, are holding us back. But back from what? No one is even seriously trying to accomplish a breakthrough to get housing that is better and cheaper.

Equally backward are most of our local zoning regulations and real-estate tax laws. They reward the slum lords, parking-lot barons and speculators and penalizing improvements that would work in the public interest. The new Urban Development is therefore to include a Temporary National Commission on Codes, Zoning, Taxation and Development Standards. It could start a real reform of policies that now encourage inferior building and irrational land use.

The job of the Secretary of Housing and Urban Affairs is immense. He will have his headaches. But as the man in the White House observed, "Our society will never be great until our cities are great."

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Red Flag of Mutiny

by Joseph Featherstone

In the late spring of 1797, half the lower deck of the British navy raised the red flag of mutiny over more than a hundred vessels. It was the last of a series of catastrophes: the poor were on the verge of starvation, Ireland seethed with revolt, the government was nearly bankrupt, and the French and the Dutch were preparing invasion.

The story of the naval mutinies at Spithead and Nore has been told before

The Great Mutiny
by James Dugan
(Putnam; $6.95)

– the best account being *The Floating Republic*, by G. E. Manwaring and Bonamy Dobree – but Mr. Dugan has made good use of some fresh material, including the mutineers' log of H.M.S. *Comet*. If a ruthless editor had scissored out about 100 pages of assorted social vignettes of Georgian England, *The Great Mutiny* might have become a naval classic. As it is, a clutter of detail obscures Mr. Dugan's true genius: he is a brilliant narrative historian who knows ships, and his day-by-day episodes of the mutiny and its aftermath are taut and vivid. (The vignettes, to be fair, often hit the mark: "The King was at Weymouth, on his customary August bathing holiday in the Channel. He was drawn into the water concealed in a bathing machine, accompanied through the surf by wading musicians playing 'God Save the King'.")

From a chance sneer at the Labour Party, I would gather that Mr. Dugan is a Lefter-than-thou sort. He rages at the rotten social order presided over by George III, and he believes that the mutinies of 1797 were the first sitdown strikes. He believes the mutineers were wholly right, and it is difficult to disagree with him.

Consider the grounds for mutiny. Many sailors had not been permitted ashore for two or three years, and life aboard ship in the British navy was unspeakable. Officers flogged men for trivial offenses, with death a common result. Food, when government jobbers and other sorts of maggots finished with it, was unendurable. The only source of heat, the galley fire, was doused between meals. Eternal dampness produced skin ulcers and rheumatism. Most commonly, sailors complained of abdominal rupture, caused by working the canvas while lying on stomachs across the yards. Battle casualties were terrible. Mr. Dugan aptly compares the grappling ships to a "collision of overcrowded poorhouses, whose lousy, half-starved and choking inmates fired cannons point-blank through the windows at each other." Promotions were seldom for merit. The navy's finances were an endless source of political jiggery-pokery. In fact, 18th Century warfare proved too expensive for the inefficient 18th Century state. Enormous deficits mounted; one way of handling them was not to pay the seamen. Many sailors in the mutiny had not been paid for years. Their families were destitute.

The mutineers were aware that the Duke of York had reformed the British army after its disastrous West Indian campaigns, raising the pay and sacking its 12 year-old colonels. Nothing comparable was done for the fleet. The navy had grown fourfold during the war years, and as seamen became scarcer, the press gangs grabbed artisans, small tradesmen, and clerks, men able to articulate grievances. Pressed men were not as numb to shipboard horrors as the professionals. These new men and a disproportionate number of Irishmen provided the catalysts for the mutiny; but Mr. Dugan notes that many of its leaders were experienced, reliable seamen, the sort regarded as the backbone of the navy.

Few of the men running the country believed sailors capable of independent action. The jolly tar was known to be lazy and improvident, a child who looked to his captain for guidance. Therefore the government assumed throughout the mutiny that its instigators had to be Radicals and pro-French Jacobins. Georgian *agitprop* encouraged this view. There is almost no evidence to support it. Many of the seamen's petitions explicitly stated that they were ready and willing to fight the French and the Dutch if an invasion fleet embarked. On His Majesty's birthday, the mutinous sailors of the Nore turned out in white trousers and blue jackets, and a salute was fired to the King. In both Spithead and Nore, the discipline and order were astonishing. After the men seized the ships, visiting officers were piped aboard, and minor infractions were punished – in some cases by flogging. The mutineers at Spithead even permitted some ships to leave with their officers in order to protect merchant convoys.

At Spithead, where the mutiny first broke out, a Belfast man named Valentine Joyce was elected speaker of a "parliament of the fleet," and successfully negotiated with the Admiralty and

The Vice-President of Kenya

Oginga Odinga, Oginga Odinga,
In Kenya's black pie he is Mao's red finger.
Though his name leads me into this frivolous jingle,
Not one to laugh off is Ogingle Odingle.
I hope that Kenyatta, the lion of Kenya,
Will settle the hash of this mirthless hyenya.

OGDEN NASH

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The dramatic opinions 1959-1965 of Robert Brustein

SINCE 1959, Americans seriously interested in our theatre have increasingly found their spokesman in Robert Brustein of *The New Republic*.

His new book, SEASONS OF DISCONTENT, is just published — a brilliant analytic record of a half-decade of too frequent disaster and too occasional triumph on and off Broadway.

It considers, among other matters, the explosive career and demise of the Living Theatre, the Broadway occultism of *Tiny Alice*, the Brecht revival, the innovations of Samuel Beckett, the influence of the Actors Studio, Shakespeare in the Park and in the suburbs, the art of Zero Mostel, the playwriting debut of Robert Lowell.

It includes Mr. Brustein's famous prophetic vision of the downfall of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre, as well as his latest assault on the irresponsibility of the homosexual and Negro avant-gardes.

SEASONS OF DISCONTENT, with its concrete production-by-production look at the American theatre as it functions now, is a superb complement to the author's study of the major playwrights of the past century, *The Theatre of Revolt*, and will, we believe, be as strongly admired.

SEASONS OF DISCONTENT

Just published. $5.95 • SIMON AND SCHUSTER

Lord Howe (brother of the General, Sir William Howe). After some delay a pay increase and full rations were granted, and a general amnesty was proclaimed. Most extraordinarily, Howe agreed unofficially to have 75 unpopular officers removed, including one admiral of the fleet.

At Nore in the lower Thames estuary, the mutiny was in trouble from the outset. It started as a kind of sympathy strike for the Spithead uprising, but the Nore anchorage was simply a catchall for unattached ships, and there was no squadron pride and unity. Also leaders and rank and file disagreed on the aims of the mutiny. Eventually the "President" of the fleet, Richard Parker – a former lieutenant who entered the ranks from a debtor's prison – had to be reelected at the beginning of each day. The frightened authorities did nothing about the Nore mutiny, perhaps expecting the Spithead settlement to satisfy the Nore men. It seems strange that the government didn't send Howe to Nore after his success at Spithead; Mr. Dugan offers no explanation. As at Spithead, the Nore mutineers maintained a surprising degree of order. After a month of "delegate" control, the Nore ships surrendered one by one. The last to haul down the red flag was H.M.S. *Director*, whose captain, William Bligh, knew something about mutiny. Two hundred of the Nore men were tried and 59 hanged.

At its peak mutiny involved nearly 50,000 men in over a hundred ships. The punishments were very nearly random, following the pattern of cruel incompetence the government had established in its dealings with seamen. At a kangaroo court-martial, Richard Parker said he had nothing to regret, he had simply presented the demands of the men and kept them from doing worse harm. He seemed bitter towards the "cowardly, selfish, and ungrateful" lower classes he had led, but insisted that a trifling forbearance on the part of the government would have led the mutineers to come to terms. At his hanging aboard the "parliament ship" Parker stepped off the platform before the signal was given, so his messmates would have no part in his death.

Mr. Dugan's narrative helps us to struggle back to this time and these

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strange events. It is not easy to comprehend such happenings, most of all because – despite Parker's bitterness – the sailors were so innocent. They really believed the government would listen to their legitimate complaints and settle with them. The dawning century had not yet made class warfare into a dogma held by all classes. For a moment the government twitched about, forgot questions of face, precedent, and honor, and actually met the Spithead sailors and granted their demands. At Nore, weeks later, it twitched about, stood on its dignity and fear, and ended by hanging men.

In *Billy Budd*, a narrative of the year of the Great Mutiny, Herman Melville sensed this innocence, and altered history to write a tragedy: goodness in the tale goes to defeat and death in the face of necessity. *Billy Budd* is tragic, for it says that goodness will always lose to necessity, though its radiance alone redeems life. In the real event, however, in the tangle of misunderstandings and inhibitions, there were points when there was no necessity, when everything was possible, when innocence could have triumphed – if only, for example, the government had sent Lord Howe to deal with Parker as he had dealt with Joyce.

For the new century, a man-of-war signified more than itself: it was a metaphor for society, the ship of state. In the 19th Century, it was otherwise. Parliament in 1886 forbade floggings of more than 48 strokes.

Eisenhower's Second Term

by Charles Burton Marshall

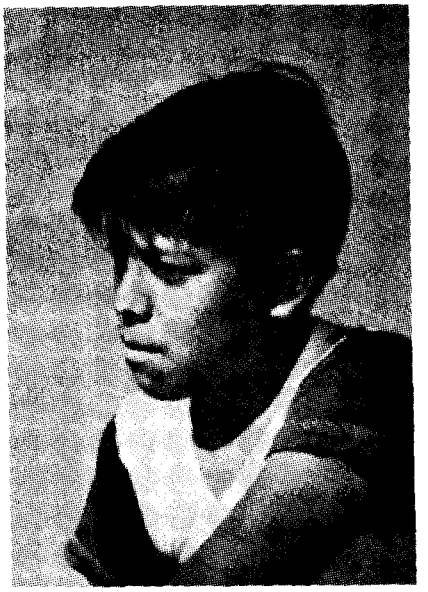
In 1956 Harold Stassen thought up a plan to sidetrack the renomination of Vice President Richard Nixon (in favor of guess who). He took it up with President Eisenhower, who told him he was free to do as he wished. Stassen, poor chap, thought he saw a green light and committed himself to a debacle.

A similar thing happened the next year. At a news conference in July of 1957, the President was asked about enforcing civil rights through military authority. The Constitution charged him to see to the faithful execution of the laws, and it vested him with a Commander-in-Chief's power. When fulfilling the duty should require using the powers, he would have to do as thirteen of his predecessors in office had done. Instead, he replied: "I can't imagine any set of circumstances that would ever induce me to send federal troops . . . into any area to enforce the orders of a federal court." That day Arkansas' Governor Faubus must have thought he saw a green light, too.

Waging Peace: The White House Years, 1956-1961
by Dwight D. Eisenhower
(Doubleday; $6.95)

In his book called *Waging Peace*, President Eisenhower refers to the July press conference statement, as an aside near the close of his retelling of the following September's trouble in Little Rock, without any show of recognition of its significance in bringing on that trouble. The tendency is manifested many times in his account. His initial inclination was toward permissiveness. An eventual necessity for cracking down would find him rueful but all too probably unaware of his own unintended part in bringing events to such a pass. The practice in retrospect is to consider events one by one, eliding the patterns of cause and effect. He cites a parallel between Suez and Little Rock – more apt than he perceives. How the peaceable assurances convincingly voiced at the 1955 Geneva summit were an unintended factor in bringing about the Suez crisis a year and a fraction later is no more dwelt upon than is the importance of US action incident to that crisis in resolving France to seek a nuclear deterrent of its own and in rendering British policy thenceforth starchless.

The account in this second volume of Eisenhower Presidential memoirs, rounding out the story begun in *Mandate for Change*, opens with the decision in early 1956 to seek reelection



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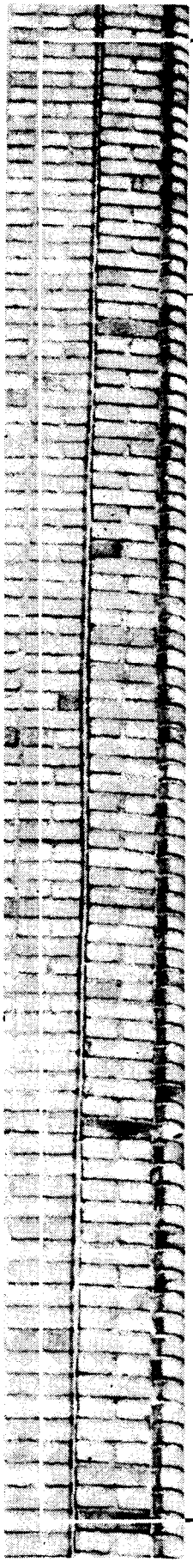

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and closes with the moment of rediscovered freedom in leaving the Kennedy inaugural without a Secret Service escort. Its high phase concerns the six weeks in the autumn of 1956 – with a campaign for reelection, the Suez affair, and the Budapest episode coinciding – when the centers of decision become overloaded almost to apoplexy.

Here and there among the 280,000 words of text one finds a revelatory item – for example, the role of the U-2 in pre-exposing the Israelis' buildup for the 1956 attack on Egypt, the bobbled instructions which led to the Khrushchev visit in 1959, a candid avowal of the seriousness of the spasm which impaired the President's articulation for a time in late 1957, and the President's decision to undertake the rigors of attending the NATO Council meeting that December to test his fitness to carry on.

In a final retrospection the author expounds what he would do to reform the US government if granted his preferences. It is quite an order. He wants the President empowered to veto particular items in appropriation bills. He would apply drastic remedies to the problem of superannuation – Supreme Court justices to retire at 72 or after twenty years' service, Senators to be limited to two six-year elected terms, and members of the House to three four-year terms. He does not reflect upon the effects the changes relevant to the legislative branch would have in reducing its power in relation to the executive – a development incompatible with his avowed and obviously sincere dislike of executive enhancement.

The book is full of clear and interesting narrative, never overdrawn or sentimentalized – at a rare bargain rate of less than a penny a page. Yet what is most interesting is what the author's reflections omit.

General Eisenhower's remarks on foreign policy include an observation that "No absolute pre-planning is feasible, no rigid policy can apply." In exigency, he continues, "One need is to confer promptly with America's interested friends and for all, if possible, to agree on a course of action. But the need for quick reaction in emergencies does not deny the requirement for a well-thought-out and applicable general pol-

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icy." All true enough. One of the most interesting items in the book is a recounting of British and French initiatives and American reluctance of a few years ago concerning the working-out of a common applicable general policy. Roles have now been switched. The United States is the wishful one; France the reluctant one.

General Eisenhower continues: "A nation's global policy comprises the worldwide objectives of the government and the basic methods and progress programs developed for achieving them. It is therefore a mistake to think of foreign policy in the singular; it is scarcely too much to say that there must be a separate policy for our relations with every nation, for we obviously must take into account the special situation, aspirations, and problems of each. Needless to say, each of these special adaptations must conform to the abiding principles and objectives of our nation." That sounds good. What does it mean in practice? The subcontinent presents an example – a policy for Pakistan and a policy for India, and envoys at each place working along diverse paths, but no policy consonant with the circumstance of mutually incompatible purposes between the two countries, with nothing to propose beyond unremitting suggestions for more negotiation about an unnegotiable difference.

Reading this volume calls up the slogan: "I like Ike." It is impossible not to like him. He is thorough, comprehensible, forthright, desirous of everyone's benefit, and mild rather than spiteful even in recalling partisan flimflam over civil rights at the Capitol during the Eisenhower years. One wonders whether any President ever better epitomized his nation – the nation which is singular in having to bear imperial burdens while entertaining deep inhibitions about the uses of power.

Faces of Two Decades

by Gerald W. Johnson

For 76 years Bruce Bliven has been of, as well as in this country. Never either a blind partisan or a bland neutral, he has accepted involvement as part of the natural order of things, no occasion for either exultation or dismay. Although as a journalist, an editor of *The New Republic* from 1923 until 1947, his role was that of a spectator rather than an actor upon the stage of public affairs,

The World Changers
by Bruce Bliven
(John Day; $6.50)

he has been a consistent exponent of the principle of audience participation. Thus when he speaks of a period through which he lived his voice carries an overtone of authority which is heard in no utterance proceeding from the Ivory Tower.

Yet – or should one say, by the same token? – he has never posed as Sir Oracle: "and when I open my lips let no dog bark." On the contrary, it has been the rule that when Bliven spoke all the dogs in the neighborhood set to barking furiously. This will probably be the case now that he has set forth his judgment of men and events in the years between 1930 and 1950; indeed, the very first sentence in his foreword is well designed to start the uproar, for he opens with the observation that these two decades "were, I believe, the most significant in the history of mankind."

Possibly; yet granting, for the sake of argument, that the history of mankind grows more, not less significant, the choice of Mr. Bliven's two decades over that of the teens would seem to be a matter of temperament, a preference for Revelation over Genesis. The thirties and forties were indubitably apocalyptic, but there is an opinion that they were the logically inevitable sequence of the period 1914-1920, when Woodrow Wilson, most improbable of Eves, pressed upon our Adam-nation fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. The succeeding generation were the epigoni, dealing with the results of what started in 1914.

The men to whom Mr. Bliven gives

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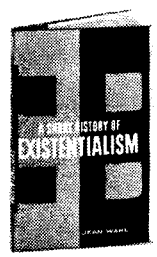

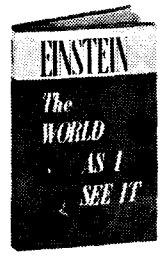

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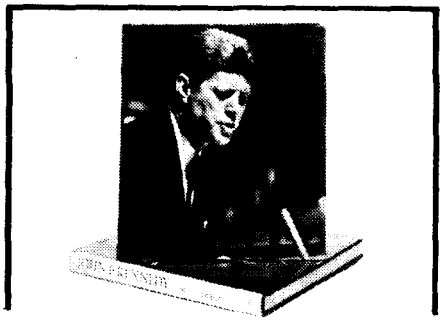

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the style and title of World Changers are Roosevelt, Churchill, Gandhi, Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Chiang Kai-shek and Hirohito – three heroes, three villains, and a pair of failures. The obvious question as to this list is, why Chiang Kai-shek? The real world changer in that part of the globe is Mao Tse-tung, who utterly defeated Chiang in 1949, reducing him to the status of an American puppet about as effective in world affairs as Henry Pu Yi, the Japanese puppet "emperor" of Manchukuo. The inclusion of Hirohito is based on Mr. Bliven's theory that with a little more strength of character at the critical moment the Japanese emperor might have controlled the warmongers and prevented the suicidal attack on the United States; which is interesting, but highly speculative.

The achievements of the other six, however, are not matters of speculation, but solid fact. Certainly they were swept along by forces far beyond their control, but they did manipulate and to a certain extent direct those forces and their effectiveness in this regard made them memorable. To a brief analysis of each of these Mr. Bliven brings admirable equipment– judicial temperament, vast erudition, and an English style so pellucid that it has been the envy of political commentators these many years. The result is a gallery of literary portraits drawn with a vigor matched only by their clarity.

Naturally, they are controversial, as any writing with an edge must be. They will displease sentimentalists, right and left, for Bliven recognizes neither an unblemished hero, nor a villain so black that there is never a white hair in his ebon pelt; even Hitler had the energy of the devil himself. Realists, however, although they may take exception to a detail here and there, will admit that in every case the man has drawn a good likeness.

The quarter from which Mr. Bliven may expect a really heavy assault is that of the more frantic antagonists of the Great Man theory of history. Had none of these men existed would the world today have been appreciably different? Mr. Bliven gives enough evidence of thinking so to bring upon himself the wrath of the determinists, although he declares repeatedly that the extent of his subjects' work was to intensify, or to diminish, trends already existing. There were sadists before Hitler, jackals before Mussolini, New Dealers before Roosevelt, and "mighty men of valor" before Churchill. The work of the world changers was to give impetus to a movement, whether good or bad, that they did not originate. Yet while he admits this, suspicion lingers that he does not believe it wholeheartedly.

The book, therefore, will delight principally those of us who cherish a historian with a wrong opinion above one with no opinion at all. Factual accuracy is, of course, indispensable, but the completely neutral writer is not a historian; he is an archivist at best, and more often a mere scrivener.

Nobody will accuse Bruce Bliven of intellectual anemia. One is never in doubt as to where he stands. But there is a touch of the ascetic in him. The calculated joviality of Roosevelt and the frank hedonism of Churchill offend him; he is troubled by the streak of ruthlessness in Gandhi, but impressed by the Mahatma's self-imposed penury. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that in addition to the eight formally presented, his book offers a ninth picture, perhaps unwittingly, perhaps ignored because it has a touch of grisly humor.

This is a picture of mankind's tendency toward blind adoration proceeding sometimes – as in the cases of Stalin and Hitler – to the point of deification; and toward heaping equally blind objurgation on the heroes. Gandhi was murdered by one of his own Hindus. As soon as he had rescued them, Churchill was repudiated by the British, and Roosevelt was hated so poisonously that perhaps death alone saved him from Churchill's fate – and Wilson's.

This terrific irony is not written in Bliven's book, but it is there between the lines – left there, perhaps, because the ascetic feels that even in the face of an absurdity so stupendous, only a ghoul could laugh.

COMING

Birth of a Statesman

Dean Acheson's Memoirs

reviewed by Louis J. Halle

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FILMS

Autumn Miscellany

Bunny Lake Is Missing
(Columbia)
The Great Race
(Warner)
The Agony and the Ecstasy
(20th Century-Fox)
Situation Hopeless – But Not Serious
(Paramount)

During a good deal of *Bunny Lake Is Missing*, Otto Preminger seems to be snugly back in the style of *Laura* – cream-smooth suspense with a genuinely intriguing premise. This first portion is by no means flawless; there is obvious padding with eccentric characters who are obviously not guilty of the crime, or else they would not be so suspicious. Martita Hunt is one such oddball, a born small-part actress who has receded to her natural level in England after having been unduly starred in this country. Another is Noel Coward who has taken to performing increasingly unappealing vignettes in pictures, with many heavily trilled r's in lieu of brittle comic playing. But, for a time, the direction is deft, the camerawork smooth, Carol Lynley is almost bearable, Keir Dullea acceptable; and we particularly relish the extravagant gesture of using Laurence Olivier as a superintendent of detectives – a role that Jack Hawkins or Bernard Lee could have coasted through and that Olivier does with the scrupulousness of a man doing an honest day's work for wages that he plans to use for something that he really cares about.

The plot is based on the old "yellow room" device: someone disappears (in this case, an American child in London), and the circumstances are such that one can doubt that the person ever really existed. But as soon as that mystery is solved, by the revelation that one character is psychotic, the film degenerates into a tiresome duel with the criminal, full of unsuccessful psychological trickery.

The Great Race is a very long, almost consistently unfunny Panavision Technicolor comedy about a turn-of-the-century round-the-world auto race. The most amusing gag in it is that Natalie Wood, a reporter traveling with only a couple of suitcases, appears in scene after scene in completely new costumes; part of the pleasure is that Miss Wood, a competent enough performer, is highly attractive in Edith Head's funny-flamboyant outfits. Tony Curtis is a Fearless Fosdick hero straight from the Bronx. Jack Lemmon plays the villain in one continuous shout. This gifted actor too often blunts his fine edge, particularly when he works with a director (like Blake Edwards) who understands little about acting. In a *Zenda* detour, Lemmon doubles as a drunken king and blurs that performance, too.

The only point of interest in this elephantine prank is that it lampoons 19th-Century melodrama. This practice, always popular with amateurs, had some relevance up to about the time of the Second War, but what relevance has such a lampoon now to modern audiences, particularly young ones? There are really no ten-twent'-thirt' heroes and heavies – even in TV Westerns – that serve as reference points for the parody. The film-makers might as well parody 19th-Century five-act blank verse tragedies. This is one of the rare instances where parody has become the form itself, instead of comment on a form. Possibly that is why it is quite unfunny.

The Agony and the Ecstasy is preceded by a short documentary about Michelangelo which is photographed by Leon Shamroy in the same Todd-AO and color that are used for the subsequent feature and which is breathtakingly lovely. It begins with a rising helicopter shot of St. Peter's in early morning light and continues with various views of his statuary and architecture, accompanied by a quiet commentary. The end of the short is a good time to leave. The feature is based on the perennial fallacy that artistic genius can be dramatized by watching it at work. What of genius would be revealed by watching Mozart write a symphony or Keats a poem? It is not much more revealing to watch Michelangelo paint the Sistine Chapel. Whatever is of interest in the process of painting, as such, would be just as well served by watching a competent hack.

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The fallacy is inspissated by the viscous vision of Irving Stone's novel, thickened by Philip Dunne's screenplay and coagulated by Carol Reed's sadly sagging directorial talent. The mountain-top scene in which the painter finally gets his inspiration about the figure of God touching Adam to life should set art appreciation back some decades. As Michelangelo, Charlton Heston strikes more reality than usual, while, contrarily, Rex Harrison, as the warrior Pope Julius II, glides along superficially. As the love interest who is doomed to be uninteresting in this story, Diane Cilento is, as always, like an expensive pretty wind-up doll. Whenever she turns around, I find myself looking for the key in the middle of her back.

Because Alec Guinness is in it, readers must be warned against *Situation Hopeless – But Not Serious*. Here Guinness plays a World War II German air-raid warden who – but no, he does not play anything. He is simply on hand as, for his own reasons, he had contracted to be, in a film beneath comment. As with Olivier, one hopes there was a fat check for him. One feels that, while he pockets it, he is winking a warning at us to stay away.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

BROADCASTING

Whose Dissent Do You Hear?

In *The American Earthquake*, Edmund Wilson wrote of a Los Angeles evangelist named Reverend Bob Shuler, who in the late twenties was able, via his radio show, to elect a local mayor and to break a police chief, city prosecutor, and district attorney. This noble tradition is continued today by the Reverend Bob Wells and "The Community Bible Class," which can be heard each weekday between 11:30 a.m. and noon on KTYM, Los Angeles. Although Reverend Bob Wells has neither the political power of a Reverend Bob Shuler nor the bravura style (an acquired taste) of a Dr. Billy James Hargis, I have recently, perhaps because I like to spot comers, become addicted to him. On a show not long ago, Mr. Wells first turned his fire on a San Diego high school teacher who had written a play titled *A Cat Called Jesus*, segued into Biblical strictures against "global government" (Chapter II, Thessalonians, Chapters XII and XIII, Revelations), and wound up with the rouser that "the Jewish leaders of the Russian Revolution changed their names in accordance with the global policies of the Illuminati." (The *eminence grise* of the Illuminati, Mr. Wells pointed out, was one "J. J. Russo"; it was several moments before I apprehended that "J. J." was Jean-Jacques Rousseau.) The program ended with a sponsor's message about a dog training manual, written by a woman who was said to be "tops in obedience training circles."

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Perhaps because I have a partiality for the rhetoric of the Right, which has on occasion even led me deep into Orange County to hear Congressman James Utt, I had never been able to get too worked up over these shows. But since I moved to California 18 months ago, my ears have been so extensively caressed by the likes of Dan Smoot, Carl McIntyre, and Garner Tom Armstrong that I did some checking to discover how widely these sages blanket the airwaves. From "The Twentieth Century Reformation Hour," "Christian Crusade," and "Bible Institute of the Air" to such secular equivalents as "Life Line" and "The Manion Forum," some 6,000 such radio programs are broadcast somewhere in the US each week, along with a hundred or so on television, all preaching the Word according to H. L. Hunt. Most of the programming emanates from the heart of the Bible Belt, and much of it is scurrilous, if also unintentionally funny. And the shill is on. In one way or another, most of the shows solicit funds from their listeners, either by making broadcast transcripts available (11 weeks, $5, for "Life Line") or by appealing for cash contributions in return for a greater reward Ahead.

Quite understandably, many responsible groups, including the AFL-CIO, which is usually depicted as having a hot line direct to the head Wobbly in the Kremlin, are concerned that such programs go largely unanswered. Even if equal time were offered, the cost of answering would be prohibitive. Carl McIntyre's "Twentieth Century Reformation Hour," for example, is heard five days a week on 600 radio stations. "At the very least," an AFL-CIO spokesman said recently, "a rebuttal would require five scripts a week, attractively programmed, and somehow delivered in useable form to 600 stations. Who can afford it?"

There is a movement afoot to take away the tax exemption enjoyed by H. L. Hunt's "Life Line," and while it is difficult to fault this endeavor, I doubt that it should rank high on the agenda of the Great Society, nor do I think it really attacks the problem. And one can certainly fault the reaction of supposedly libertarian organizations when Carl MacIntyre tried to buy a small-town radio station in Pennsylvania. The NAACP, Philadelphia chapter of the Anti-Defamation League, the Greater Philadelphia Council of Churches, and the Catholic weekly *Commonweal* all asked the FCC to ban the sale. They put one in mind again of the apocryphal schoolboy scholar who wrote that the "Pilgrim Fathers came to America to worship as they please and force others to do the same."

I think it can be argued that the three major networks are indirectly responsible for the proliferation of paranoid broadcasters. The reason is that there is nothing on the air today remotely passing for responsible dissent. The news departments of all three networks are in the hands of an Establishment consensus, bounded on one side

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by Eric Sevareid, on the other by Howard K. Smith. To ascertain where these gentlemen stand on any given public issue takes no great perspicacity on the part of the listener.

I do not imply, as do the hard core theorists of the Right, that "Establishment" is a synonym for "conspiracy" and that the news is being deliberately freighted. Yet though a newscaster's actual words can have a computer objectivity, his delivery and emphasis do not. If only by implication, dissenters are made to appear as obstructionists, curios, or maniacs. As a result, a communications gap has opened between the mainstream and other tributaries of American thought, and one effect of that gap has been to drive those to the right of censensus into the arms of the Reverend Bob Wells.

The broadcasters, of course, would deny the existence of a communications gap, proudly pointing to their own house dissenters. The only such commentator with a nationwide following, however, is Fulton Lewis Jr., and as a conservative intellect, Lewis ranks somewhere south of George Murphy. It may be pointed out that William F. Buckley Jr., though not attached to any broadcast outlet, is constantly, if not omnipresently, on the airwaves – his eyes sparkling with the insertion of each verbal dagger. But the attitude toward Buckley, especially before he decided to run for Mayor of New York, is a case in point. As Proust was the pet Jew of the anti-Semites, so Buckley is the pet Conservative of the Establishment, a situation for which he himself is only partly to blame. He is unfailingly described as the son of a rich oil man, the implication that here is a man with the wherewithal to indulge his peculiar whims, and his two-a-day for Keith, three-a-day for Loewe split weeks with Norman Mailer are always good for a raised eyebrow or an arch smile. Somehow, in every commentary about him, Mr. Buckley comes off as the Huntington Hartford of politics, *The National Review* as his Paradise Island.

My point is that Buckley is not the only Conservative spokesman this side of Billy James Hargis, and I would like to see one or more on the networks. The names are there; Richard Whalen and Garry Wills, to name only two young men who are intelligent, are not ideologues, and who are at least as visually attractive as Walter Cronkite. An influx of Conservative broadcasters could be invigorating, could cut through to and shape the thinking of Americans who now live in an embattled half-world where they have never heard a literate statement of their own position, a world in which all dialogue has broken down, where the vocabulary of politics is the vocabulary of resentment, which is the speciality of the electronic Bible-whackers. To perceive one's self as voiceless is to be driven to the very far wall, there with the Reverend Bob Wells; to feel that one has a respectable voice is to begin already to learn the rudiments of the language of compromise.

Even more important, the beginnings of dissent on the airwaves, missing in the New Left as well as the Old Right, could only serve to elevate the whole political dialogue. I have concentrated here on the need to introduce the Right on network outlets, both because there is no equivalent to the Better-Dead-Than-Red God-invoking preachers at the other end of the political spectrum, and also because the New Left in general gets a fairer shake from Establishment newscasters than do their counterparts on the Right. It is, however, implicit that I mean broadcast dissent to include those eloquent spokesmen now being heard from Bowdoin to Berkeley. A *Wall Street Journal* of the air would keep the Establishment on its toes, lifting it out of that morass of virtue where it is currently mired. As viewers, we would be under no obligation to believe everything we heard, but we would be compelled to contemplate the somewhat uncomfortable side to our every comfortable assumption. We might be forced to consider whether legislative reapportionment might in fact create grave injustices in some states while correcting it in others, or whether opposition to Medicare can be dismissed simply as hostility to old people, or support of the bracero program only as an excuse to exploit Mexican wetback labor.

Personally, I like Walter Cronkite, and I also think that 26 million Americans were wrong. They should not, however, be denied a network voice. TV commentary should be (and now in no sense is), a forum of ideas.

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

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THEATRE

California Wine in New York Bottles

I will not attempt to mask my disappointment over the first presentation this season by the Repertory Company at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre. Not quite a disaster, it is, nevertheless, the kind of failure that makes you grind your teeth, for it demonstrates that the new Lincoln Center company has limitations of a rather unexpected kind. Some of these problems were observable in the old company, and may very well be built into the architecture of cultural complexes. Others are clearly the result of specific miscalculations by the new directors, and since these are the more easily corrected, it might be more constructive to begin with them.

Danton's Death
by Georg Buechner
adapted by Herbert Blau
(Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center)

First of all, the play. When Herbert Blau and Jules Irving announced their program last summer, I felt full of exhiliration: the four plays selected for production this year confirmed one's sense that these men, unlike their predecessors, know precisely what constituted a sound and valuable repertory. I was, on the other hand, a little uneasy about their decision to begin operations with *Danton's Death*. For while Georg Buechner's doleful, morbid study of the Reign of Terror is clearly a masterpiece, it is also one of the most difficult and elusive works in all dramatic literature – thus, hardly a wise initial choice for a company still in process of formation. The play, for one thing, has no easy access, lacking horizontal development or exterior conflict. Written in a compressed epigrammatic style of harrowing intensity and divided into lightning episodes like those in Shakespeare's later Roman tragedies, it is primarily a mood study in which the author uses an historical crisis as a basis for metaphysical speculation – on nature, human character, the chaotic universe. Characters talk *past* each other, lost in their hallucinations and feverish thoughts, and though they are always reflecting intelligently on their fate, they are quite incapable of altering this fate through significant action. Danton himself is a thoroughly passive hero, "lazy," inert, nihilistic. He is in love with the grave from the very beginning, half out of guilt for his part in the September massacres, half out of genuine fatigue with life itself – his pursuit of pleasure hardly conceals a profound, irremediable despair. Behind Danton's despair lurks a horrible apprehension about human fatality. Convinced that man is no more than a marionette manipulated by unknown powers, and that human action is inevitably either futile or base, he chooses to suffer the guillotine rather than use it against others – Danton knows that Robespierre's "virtue" is merely the hypocritical mask of blood-lust, ambition, revenge. *Danton's Death*, in short, has a protagonist who is dying before the curtain opens, and the whole play is actually a beautifully written death scene in four acts.

The last way to approach such a private, probing, intimate work is to treat it as an historical pageant or public spectacle; yet, pageantry and spectacle are basic elements in Blau's production. Instead of accepting the static nature of the action and letting the mournful arpeggios sound, the director chooses to inject activity, tumult, and clamor at every opportunity. He begins the play, for example, with an interpolated hunk of puzzling choreography, involving four whores, a dizzy revolutionary, and a symbolic loaf of bread; he is continually trying to fill the large stage with howling citizenry who grapple, grouse, roll on the floor, and grab each other's clothes; and nobody ever walks on this stage when he can fly on at top speed. Then, apparently fascinated by the mechanical gadgetry of his new theatre, Blau lets the play get swamped by technology. The music by Morton Subotnick is a whining electronic score that would be more appropriate as a soundtrack for a science fiction thriller; the costumes are of such elegance that one wonders why the wearers are not guillotined for undermining revolutionary simplicity; and the neat perspective setting never suggests for a moment that this Paris is a slaughterhouse. Worst of all, Jo Mielzener has been permitted to indulge an obvious weakness for revolving trolleys, lateral tracks, moveable screens, airborne balloons, and huge sliding set pieces (these include a convention hall, a revolutionary tribunal, and, finally, a full-scale guillotine, complete with scaffold and tumbril). I had the feeling, upon emerging from the theatre, that the production would have benefited enormously from the exertions of a good, dedicated machine wrecker.

For Blau seems so preoccupied with the technical aspects of his production that he has neglected to establish the values of individual scenes: the play is, at the same time, both overproduced and underdirected. One episode melts into another without having assumed its own tone, atmosphere, or meaning, and the entire play emerges as a little more than a chaotic sequence of undifferentiated tableaux. Some of the difficulty, no doubt, can be traced to the

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DOUBLEDAY

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failure of the ensemble. As individuals, many of these performers are perfectly competent; as a company, they remain largely on the surface of the play. Roscoe Lee Browne as the cold demonic St. Just has a very telling moment in the first part when – with an ironic smile, rising inflection, and spasmodic gestures – he delivers a marvelous piece of demagoguery justifying murder as an act of Nature; Robert Symonds, looking like a malevolent Ben Franklin, frequently resonates with a strong, vibrant self-righteousness as Robespierre; and Robert Stattel, David J. Stewart, and Paul Mann have their moments in *supporting roles. But these are only* moments; the acting as a whole is rarely integrated; and in the case of Alan Bergman as Danton, it is depressingly inadequate. I do not wish to be unkind to this actor since the part of Danton would strain the powers of the finest performers in the world; but given the difficulties of the part, I fail to understand why it was entrusted to one who obviously has neither the physical, vocal, nor intellectual resources for a crucial, sustaining role. In Bergman's hands, Danton's cynical, febrile despair dissolves entirely into hollow intonations, graceless gestures, and theatrical guffaws, and without a Danton of stature and importance, the play is simply a long string of baffling scenes and pointless epigrams.

What are we to conclude from this first production by the new management of Lincoln Center? I think, at this early stage, the wisest thing would be to resist conclusions. I have seen the Blau-Irving troupe do brilliant work in San Francisco; it was occasionally uneven there, it will no doubt be occasionally uneven here; and we must refrain from applying our commercial hit-flop standards to a company that will assuredly develop from play to play. As far as the repertory ideal is concerned, there is a world of difference between failing a masterpiece and failing a work that should never have been produced; and if the choice of *Danton's Death* smacks a little of hubris, it also smacks of courage and ambitiousness, without which no permanent company would be worth a second thought.

Still, something troubles me. For the very qualities that distinguished the Actors Workshop in San Francisco – its vigor, healthiness, joy, informality, and exuberance – are notably lacking in this New York incarnation. Instead of assuming that good California wine doesn't travel, I am more inclined to think the fault lies with trying to turn wine into sparkling burgundy. Is there something in the bubbly official atmosphere of Lincoln Center that sours the hardiest grape? Certainly, the directors of the company are already showing signs of transformation. Their ads pronounce their theatre a shrine; their program notes are full of inspirational pieties about Civil Rights, the Human Spirit, and the Advance of Culture; and they have now dedicated their first season to the "still unfulfilled principles of the Revolution which is the subject of our first play . . .: Liberty, Fraternity, and Exuberance among men."

Besides hinting at what might have gone wrong in the interpretation of *Danton's Death* (which is more about Bondage, Alienation, and Despair among men), a statement like this suggests that a lot of creative energy that might be more effectively channeled into a rigorous confrontation of the plays is now being wasted in public posturing. How easy it is for relaxed and carefree theatre artists to harden into statues under pressure from a cultural mold. I have never been convinced that much of consequence will issue from the plush theatre stadium at Lincoln Center (I have much more hope for its small experimental theatre), but I know the enterprise is doomed entirely once it is hallowed and enshrined. If anything is to be achieved there, the directors will have to resist the temptation to become two more stone columns in the stately façade, and loosen into their old quiet work of intelligent, lucid production. ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Commentary*

higher education (cont'd)

*GRAYSON KIRK, President of Columbia University says: "Commentary provides a means whereby the general reader will find stimulation – and, fortunately, provocation as well – through articles relating to foreign affairs, the arts, literature, Jewish culture, sociology, and in short, the whole range of questions concerning the nature and direction of our society."

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Correspondence

White Papers and Negro Readers

Sirs:

In response to Margaret Halsey's article "White Papers and Negro Readers" (October 16), I would like to call attention to the following, quite typical, observation.

The society section of *The New York Times* of Sunday, October 17, 1965 contained 42 photographs of young ladies accompanying their respective marriage or engagement announcements. They all were white. Why?

William Walters
Brandeis University

Margaret Halsey's article is absurdly unfair. The newsmen who have risked their lives covering racial demonstrations in the South were not serving a "white" press – they were getting the information that had to be obtained to inform their readers. The readers, white or black, were then able to act constructively on this information. There would have been no Civil Rights Act of 1964 without the coverage given the Birmingham riots. In reality, the "white press" is the best and sometimes the

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only protection civil rights workers have. The workers know this. So do the white segregationists. That is why newsmen are beaten, cameras smashed and cars damaged even when the newsmen work for papers with segregationist editorial stands. The "publicity" which Miss Halsey scoffs at is a much more formidable weapon than all the columnists she chooses to take issue with. . . .

Jack D. Wardlaw
New Orleans, La.

Working with the Poor

Sirs:

I have just read Mr. Ridgeway's article "Why the Poverty War Seems a Muddle," appearing in the October 9 issue. For the record I want to stress that completely contrary to Mr. Ridgeway's assertions, my leaving the Office of Economic Opportunity was in no way a condemnation or repudiation of program trends or policies in that agency.

Certainly no thoughtful person believes that in the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 the Congress provided for all or even most of the tools needed to wage a truly effective war on poverty. . . . Key to the Act is the Community Action Program with its directive for maximum feasible involvement of the poor in the development and operation of local programs. From inside the Office of Economic Opportunity there has been a concerted effort to support the poor both as policy makers and as paid workers in local anti-poverty programs.

Although I would be the first to agree that the Act does not provide for massive employment of the poor, in the first year over 70,000 job positions were created and budgeted in the CAP for "the poor to work with the poor." . . . Contrary to Mr. Ridgeway's observation, this and other programs such as Head Start, Upward Bound and the emerging legal services program were not conceived without design. In part, they have been program actions stimulated by Washington in an effort to counter sometimes sluggish and uncreative program development by local Community Action Programs.

In large part, support outside of the Office of Economic Opportunity for involvement of the poor has come from four quarters – civil rights groups, religious organizations, isolated local social action groups, and a few members of the House Education and Labor Committee. But this support has been sporadic and uncoordinated.

At the community level, the pace of involving the poor remains slow. Powerful political interests have emerged to counter the voices of those supporting faster and fuller implementation of programs maximally involving the poor.

I am not sure how much further the federal program can move toward the poor, with an effective coalescence of support groups outside the government. As early as last February, I had planned to leave the Office of Economic Opportunity to lend a hand in building such support. Not until August did I leave to direct the Citizens' Crusade Against Poverty, which Mr. Ridgeway correctly identifies as intended ". . . to begin community action programs run more openly by people living in the impoverished neighborhoods."

It is our hope that CCAP can help to provide a framework for a coalescence of forces supportive of maximum involvement of the poor in developing, operating and working in programs attacking the causes of poverty. By so doing CCAP will offer substantial support to the best intentions of those within the Office of Economic Opportunity.

Richard W. Boone
Executive Director
Citizens' Crusade Against Poverty
Washington, D. C.

Beyond the Law

Sirs:

As Mr. Joe B. Driver's attorneys in his quest for relief from a life-time jail sentence for public drunkenness, which is what thirty day sentences imposed every thirty-one days amounts to, we would like to respond to your comment ("Beyond the Law") of October 2.

First, Mr. Driver has not been held in "a place where medical and psychiatric treatment is available" such as Central Prison in Raleigh, North Carolina, but instead was confined in Camp 003 in Halifax County, North Carolina, a small rural road camp without many facilities of any kind. Second, Mr. Driver's basic objection is not to the State's confining him, but to its choice of a *criminal confinement* with its attendant

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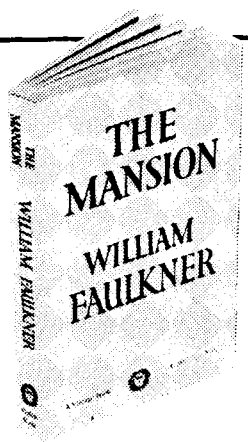

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stigma, rather than the equally available *civil confinement* for inebriates in a state rehabilitative hospital.

Long ago Blackstone wrote "All . . . the pleas and excuses which protect the commission of a forbidden act from the punishment which is otherwise annexed thereto may be reduced to this single consideration, the want or defect of will. An involuntary act, as it has no claim to merit, so neither can it evidence any guilt. . . . Indeed, to make a complete crime cognizable by human laws, there must be both a will and an act." In the parlance of criminal and constitutional law this means that every true crime necessitates the union of an act *(actus reus)* with the will *(mens rea)*. How can it be said that Mr. Driver or any other chronic alcoholic has the requisite *mens rea* (will) to be publicly drunk when by congressional and medical definition, a chronic alcoholic is "any person who chronically and habitually uses alcoholic beverages to the extent that he has lost the power of self-control with respect to the use of such beverages?

Chronic alcoholism is no more and no less than a disease. Its victims' repetitive and compulsive acts of drunkenness are no more or no less than manifestations of this disease. Mr. Driver's question, now before the United States Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, is whether or not a man can be criminally punished for publicly succumbing to a disease now beyond his control. . . .

Anthony M. Brannon
J. Milton Read, Jr.
Durham, N. C.

Educational Reform

Sirs:

My heartfelt thanks to Christopher Jencks for his perceptive analysis of the ennui which has overwhelmed so large a minority of students on the mid-20th Century American campus ("A New Breed of BA's" October 23, 1965). His twofold recipe of innovation, more contact with non-scholars and more extra-classroom participation, hits the academic nail right on its narcissistic head. If federal money, however "centrally" controlling, could break up the grades-credits-skills yellow brick road to Success and could offer, as Jencks suggests, an alternative, a more engaging "route into middle-class adult life," then I'm all for his program of large-scale curricular experimentation.

C. Reed Guthridge
Yale Law School

I am alarmed to find as little recognition of the traditional function of the university as Christopher Jencks exhibits in his recent article on higher education reform. The academic is interested, it is true, in the dispassionate study of his world, but it is precisely because of his detachment that he is valuable. Not the least of the virtues of a liberal education is the development of the faculty of reflection. This precious ability is the first prerequisite for autonomous personal growth and reasoned action. And has Mr. Jencks overlooked the need, in our teeming mass communications society, for the truly well-trained mind? Is it going too far to speculate on the value lost to us by a recent Presidential candidate's having left college in his freshman year? It is precisely those potential leaders and reformers, non-intellectual to be sure, who most stand in need of a thoroughly disciplined, unpractical liberal education.

J. V. Hinckley
Madison, Wisconsin

In describing the undergraduate scholarship program to be authorized by the new Higher Education Act, my article "Education: What Next?" (October 16) erroneously reported that eligibility would be determined by a means test. As actually reported out of the Senate-House Conference, the legislation merely provides that applicants show exceptional financial needs. The determination of what this means is left to individual colleges.

This does not alter the basic point made in my article, namely that the scholarship program, while both well-meant and valuable, will have very little effect on college finance unless it is broadened in the years ahead. Both the pitifully small $70 million authorization and the legislative history make clear that the present legislation is designed only to help the neediest two or three percent of college students.

Christopher Jencks
Washington, D. C.

Critics and Plumbing

Sirs:

"I am certain," Robert Brustein writes (in "Who's Killing the Novel?" October 23), "that if Mr. Podhoretz ever went into the plumbing business, we would soon have an essay on how the toilet bowl is replacing the book." For my part, I am certain that the "cause [sic] of art" is in no danger when it has defenders of such exquisite sensibility as Mr. Brustein reveals he possesses in that brilliantly apt speculation.

Norman Podhoretz
New York City

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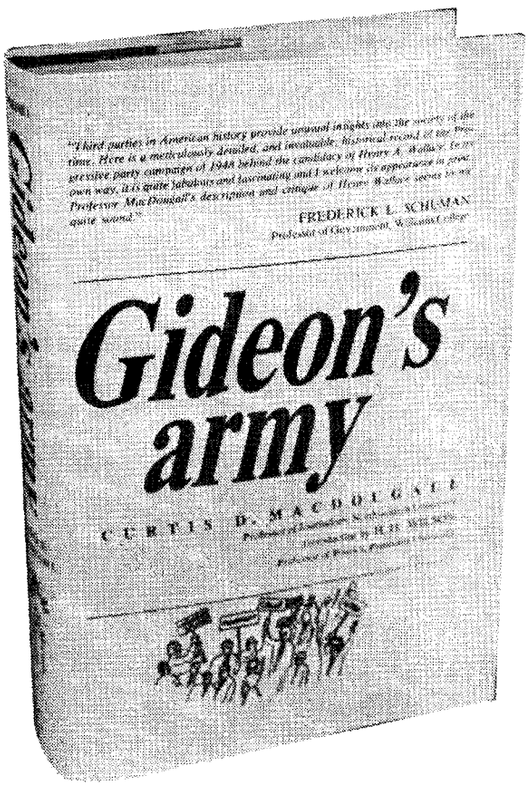

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